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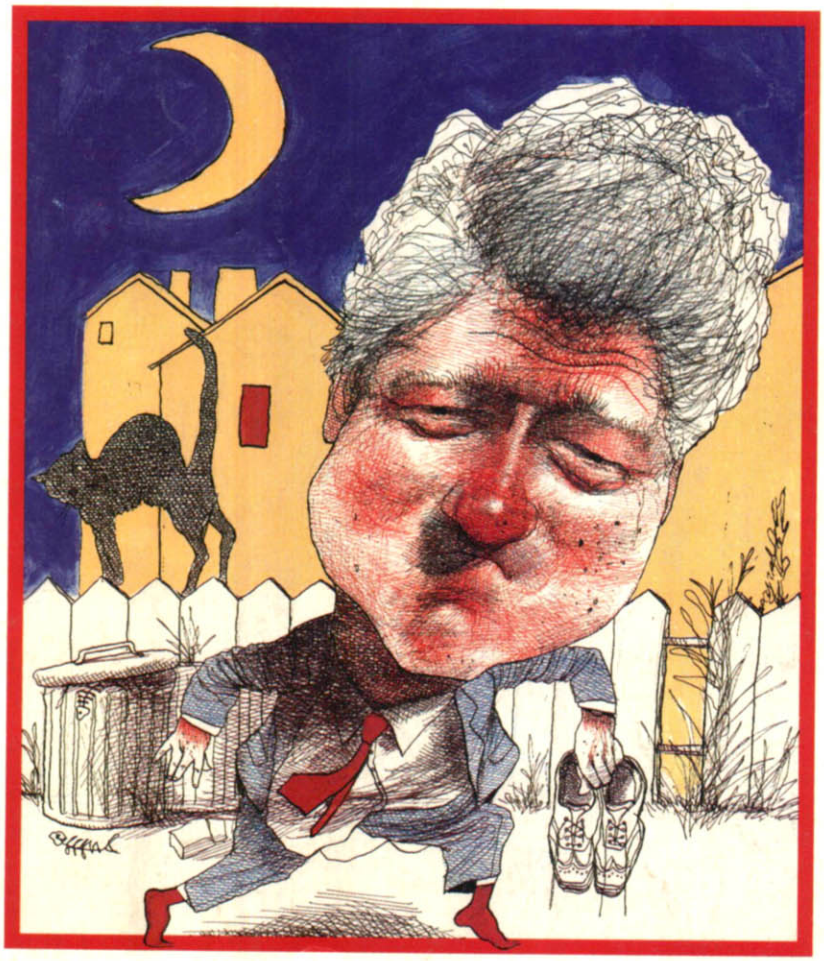
David Brock in Little Rock



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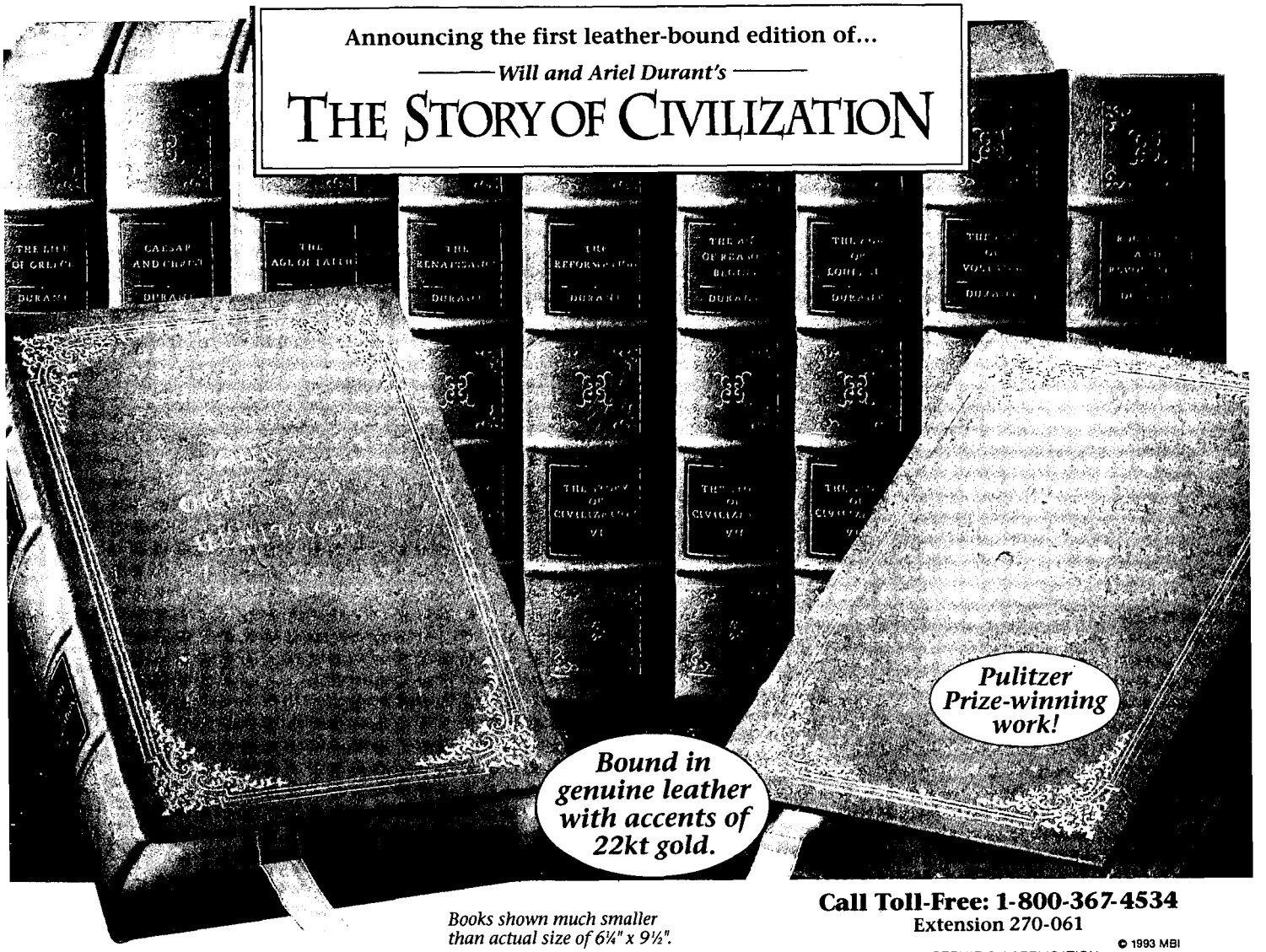

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Volume 27 Number 1, January 1994

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ABOUT THIS MONTH

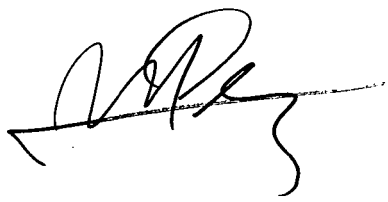
by

Wladyslaw Pleszczynski

"The truth will out just like it always does."
—Bill Clinton, December 3, 1993

OKAY, BILL, for once we believe you. But this time it's not only the Boy President's empty words that are coming back to haunt him. Thanks to David Brock, fast emerging as the leading anthropologist of our nation's flourishing culture of lying (see page 18), we now know that no man is a hero to his bodyguards. These men have seen Clinton on the make, on the prowl, and they don't exactly respect him. If it's disgust they feel, it's less at his running around than at his gall in thinking that he and his crew can pull the wool over everyone's eyes. Just where does he get off? Bill's obviously a crafty and energetic male animal—but has he ever made the connection between his fast-and-loose living and his fast-and-loose politics? Well, some people have, and many more are about to.

IT'S ALSO SAFE to say that all of us are paying for the daily humiliations Bill has visited on his wife. It may even be that the reigning cult of Hillary in the media is our generous country's way of helping her regain some self-esteem (though if the recent *Vogue* layout is any indication, porn comes in many guises). For better or worse, Hillary hates to be pitied or patronized, and in Washington she's found a way to fight back. The *Wall Street Journal*'s Paul Gigot was the first to notice that Hillary uses leaks and her own speeches to undercut Bill's public pronouncements. A month later, the *Journal*'s Washington page ran a risible piece claiming that it's Hillary who's fun to work for and the real pragmatist, and that for all his vaunted youth and vigor Bill has "adopted a habit far more identified with predecessor Ronald Reagan: afternoon naps." (What other First Lady has ever spun the press against her husband?) I get the sense these two are less a political pairing than a rivalry that no one is about to confuse with Hepburn-Tracy.



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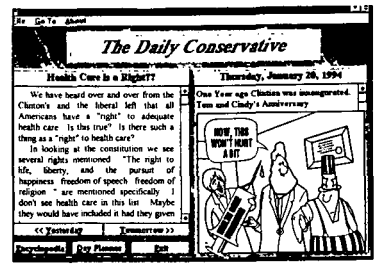
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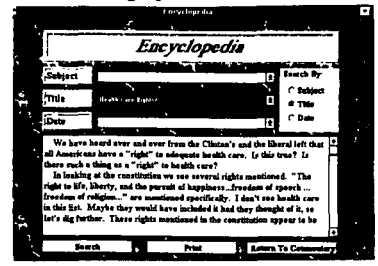

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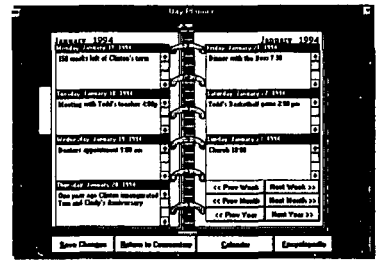

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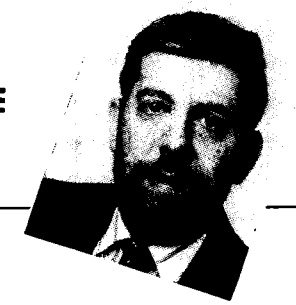

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Walter Williams, himself a distinguished professor of economics, sums up Dr. Sowell's achievement in the *Washington Times*:

> "We all know about the poor and deteriorating state of education in America, but we don't know all the reasons why. *Inside American Education* gives us the fullest list of particulars that I have seen ... names, dates and places on how the education establishment from kindergarten to college is destroying our children's prospects for the future, all the while taking taxpayers, parents and private foundations to the cleaners."

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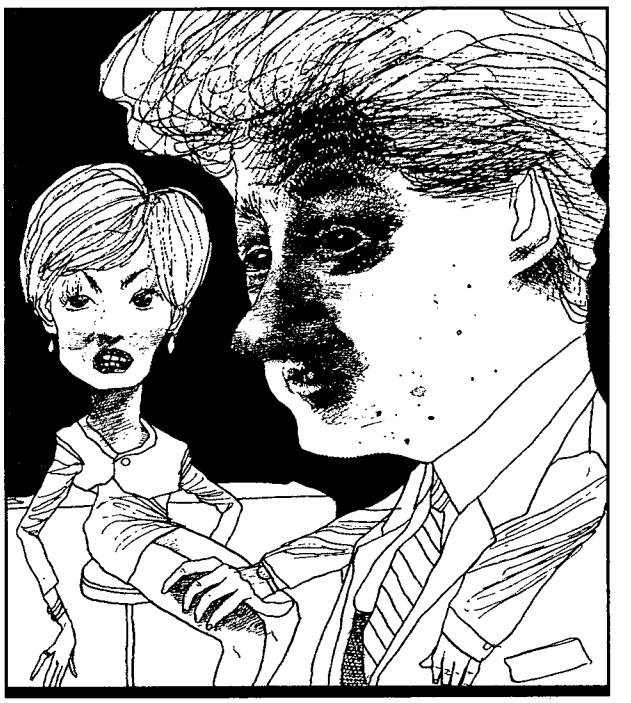

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Bill's Arkansas bodyguards tell the story the press missed.

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Evidence is emerging that the Secretary of Health and Human Services lied about allegations of science fraud and stolen research during her tenure as chancellor of the University of Wisconsin.

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Worried that free trade is making their indolent lifestyle less viable, the French are blaming sinister conspiracies and putting quotas on American movies.

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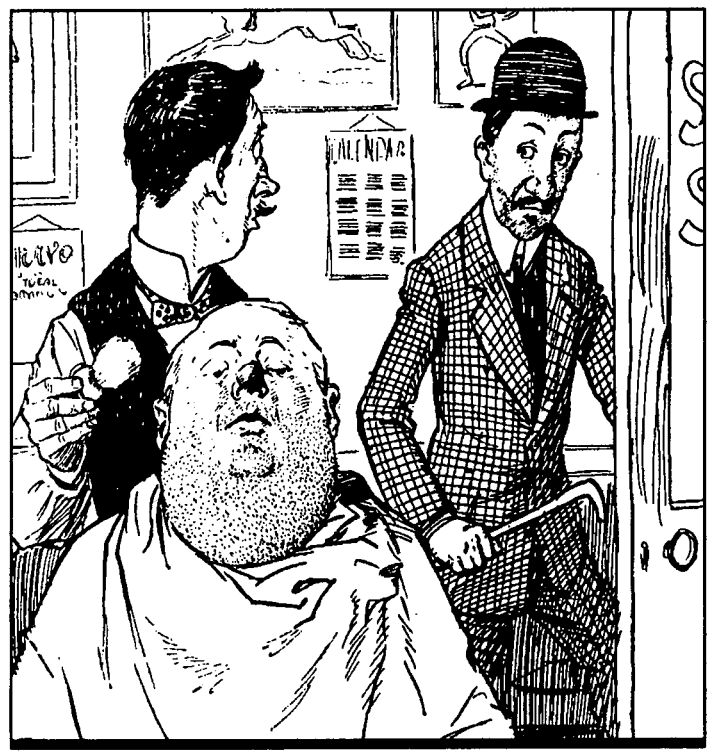
• November comes and goes, and for those of us who have doubted the value of the Liberal Enterprise, history proceeds *allegretto con brio.* President Bill Clinton, that testudinate jogger who would be Our Leader, was soundly thrashed in the off-year elections, even in New Jersey, where he and his decorative wife made personal appearances for the re-election of tax-and-spend governor James Florio. The Democrats also lost in Virginia, after portraying the Republicans as a party of violent Christian bigots intent on mollycoddling gun-wielding teenagers, sexual harassers, child pornographers, and various other miscreants who now haunt the liberal imagination. The liberal Democrats even lost New York City, where Rudy Giuliani became the first Republican mayor since John Lindsay (and some Republican *he* was). After the elections, a vexed controversy ignited when Mr. Ed Rollins boasted to journalists that whilst advising New Jersey's Republican gubernatorial candidate, Mrs. Christine Todd Whitman, he saw to it that persons of color were handsomely rewarded for not voting. Apparently it is *malum in se* to pay the citizenry not to vote, though the urban Democrats' tradition of paying the citizenry *to* vote with monies and a fine bottle of Thunderbird is permissible, perhaps even compassionate. Consider this: While Mr. Rollins spent the rest of the month appearing before grand juries and considering suicide, no controversy whatsoever developed in New York City despite an authoritative report in the *New York Post* that the Democrats transported carloads of mental defectives from the Bedford-Stuyvesant Community Health Center to vote for Mayor David Dinkins. According to the *Post*, many of those brought from the Bedford-Stuyvesant Health Center were "disoriented." When asked by a poll-watcher whom he was going to vote for, one man responded, "Mommy." Another, while being led to a voting booth, repeatedly explained: "Bowling, goin' bowling." The unedifying spectacle offended Mrs. Esther Bramwell, the New York City Board of Elections Coordinator, though she betrayed an appalling ignorance of the average Democratic voter when she affirmed, "I know these people aren't competent and that they're being told to vote for the Democrats."

• White House morale suffered a calamitous decline when Miss Dee Dee Meyers, the callipygean White House spokeswoman, announced that staffers will not be getting MTV on any of the more than 100 television sets that bejewel the White House system. And another effort by the Clinton White House to display its neoteric wizardry went awry: Unveiling its health-care program, the Clinton Miracle Workers distributed their 1,342-page bill to the press on 1,000 computer disks. Unfortunately some were befouled by a virus from sources unknown but not completely alien to this administration. Disks received by the *Bloomberg Business News* came infected with the computer virus, "Stoned III." Once booted up they flashed the message, "Your PC is stoned—legalize marijuana." Apparently, the White House prodigies neglected to guard against such viruses, though Miss Lorraine Voles, the White House's steatopygic deputy press secretary, confides, "We think we got healthy disks." Later in the month the boyish president granted an interview to NBC's "Meet the Press," wherein Mr. Clinton deposited on the record, "When historians look at this first year, they will be hard pressed to find many first years of presidencies that equal ours." The Twenty-fourth Annual Survey of High Achievers conducted by *Who's Who Among American High School Students* discovered that nearly 80 percent of the Republic's high school juniors and seniors with at least B averages admit to some cheating in the classroom.



• London's *Sunday Telegraph* reported that California officials studying the cause of those disastrous fires that destroyed 350 homes in Laguna Beach are laying much of the blame on eco-freaks who four years ago refused to allow

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the local fire department to conduct controlled burning of brush, for fear that it might imperil air quality and wildlife. Moreover, these same environmental wowsers opposed a proposal by city officials to create a three-million-gallon reservoir that would have been helpful in extinguishing fires. The artiste, Mr. Garry Trudeau, remains in seclusion after Southern California's three largest dailies refused to print the genius's hilarious send-up of the California fires. Beethoven and Mozart often were accorded the same philistine incomprehension, though neither had the benefit of an education at the Yale University School of Art and Architecture. In New York City, Mr. Raymond Díaz perished after losing a game of Russian roulette. Early in the month Mr. Allan Hoover, son of the former president, died, age 86. In Washington, Mrs. Helen Fritsche Cronkite, the mother of Walter Cronkite, died, age 101. Also from Washington comes word that Hillary's restaurant, founded less than a year ago in the euphoria that attended the arrival of the Arkansas superwoman, has gone belly-up. The eatery was supposed to be a feminist gathering place—but what feminist in Washington has time to eat? Still, there was at least one victory for feminists, albeit short-lived. On November 19, Mr. James F. Fitzpatrick, lawyer to Sen. Robert Packwood, announced that his client was preparing to resign from the U.S. Senate owing to charges that for two decades he repeatedly committed the bad kind of sexual harassment. A few days later, Packwood changed his mind. Meanwhile, all five of the Democrats' female senators have endorsed the re-election efforts of Sen. Edward M. Kennedy, the good kind of sexual harasser.

• Thanatophile cultist Maria Devi Khrystos and forty of her followers were arrested in Kiev Cathedral after threats of mass suicides. Maria Devi had claimed the world would end on November 24, but later pushed the deadline up to November 14 so it wouldn't conflict with her scheduled resurrection. Evidence came to light that growth hormones were used in years past to beef up a popular breed of Soviet livestock, when Moscow traffic police spokesman Ivan Belyzh attributed the malfunction of up to 23 percent of the Russian capital's traffic lights to an epidemic of gigantic rats that feed on the cables supplying them with power. Brought to you by the miracle of the human pituitary gland, the largest player in NBA history made his debut for the Washington Bullets. Seven-foot-seven, 333-pound Gheorghe Muresan, recent graduate of the University of Cluj in Romania, sank three consecutive foul shots in the last 49 seconds of a 117-104 win over the Milwaukee Bucks. The same night, elsewhere in Washington, the free traders rallied to rout the protectionists, 234-200.

• The Senate passed the Brady Bill, authorizing a 5-day waiting period for the purchase of handguns. The passage followed the arrest of Mr. Harold Maddox of Gardiner, Washington, for shooting out a radio that was broadcasting the stentorian voice of Mr. Rush Limbaugh, the greatest American of our time. Mr. Limbaugh's voice continued to resound from the maimed radio, for the improvement of all mankind, while Mr. Maddox made the preposterous plea of innocence to charges of "reckless endangerment"—nothing was said about treason! In Fairbanks, Alaska, four hussies from Eielson High School have been charged with violating that institution's new anti–sexual harassment code after they attempted to stick a sanitary napkin on the back of an unnamed male student and practically ruined his life. (It is school policy at Eielson not to release the identity of a victim of a sanitary napkin hanging.) In Worcester, Massachusetts, the reclusive Miss Adele A. Gaboury's neighbors, who have spent the past four years gladly mowing her lawn and collecting her mail, can take it easy. Police entered her dilapidated home and discovered the cause of her remoteness. She has been dead for the past four years and lying in a pile of debris in her kitchen.

• Australians greeted with ambivalence the news that the Unites States government has chosen to use them in testing how many drinks it takes to damage a human brain. On the one hand, it is a national embarrassment that U.S. health experts have found Australia's high consumption of alcohol admirably suited for their studies. On the other hand, if the drinks are on the house, what the hell? In Moscow, authorities closed the Lenin Museum, shutting off yet another tourist attraction for the Yale Law School's summer travel program. The University of Pennsylvania, with enormous trepidation, abandoned its "speech code," despite the fact that six months ago the code snagged a white male calling five ladies of color "water buffaloes." Faculty members and administrators alike fear that it is only a matter of time before they are forced to extend the entire Bill of Rights to their campus and then all hell could break loose. Of course, progressives could insist that the university be moved to an environment more conducive to higher learning, for instance, Havana or Pyongyang. Finally, our roving correspondent infiltrated Mr. Larry King's 60th birthday party at The Decatur House, across the street from the White House. No page in any issue of *Mad* magazine has contained such a collection of grotesque faces, all disfigured by years of greed, envy, and hustle. It was a perfect display of the essential ingredients of modern Washington. Strenuous efforts at wit were woodenly made, reminding us that the proper prefix for Washington wit is nit-.

—RET

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CORRESPONDENCE

Native Sons

Readers may wonder why Tom Bethell calls me a "nativist" because I made his point about the incompatibility of mass immigration and the welfare state ("Immigration *Sí*, Welfare *No*," *TAS*, November 1993) some 18 months earlier in *National Review*. They should not be distracted by the camouflage Tom needed to launch his skillful attack on the conservative establishment's generation-long complacency about immigration. Of course, the welfare state is not going away any time soon. Which means Tom will regretfully discover the need for an immigration moratorium, say, oh, around mid-1995.

—Peter Brimelow
New York, New York

Easy to Digest

I read John Podhoretz's *Hell of a Ride* after I submitted my list of recommended books for the December issue ("Books for Christmas," *TAS*, December 1993). Allow me to add it to my list.

The first read of the book was fast and stimulating. It was a great leap from page to page following the settling of scores. (Take note, future White House chiefs of staff. You dump on writers—and editors—at your own peril.)

But I read the book a second time—something I rarely do. There I experienced some of the best writing anyone is going to encounter between hard covers during this holiday season.

—Kenneth Y. Tomlinson
Editor-in-Chief
Reader's Digest
Pleasantville, New York

Here We Go Again

It's unfortunate that John Corry, in "Off the Straight and Narrow" (*TAS*, September 1993), can't distinguish between homosexuality, people who are homosexual, and militant gay radicals with left-wing agendas. True, there is much to criticize in the liberal media, which like much of the conservative media fails to recognize that not all gay people are members of ACT-UP. Many of us proudly oppose increased government intervention in *all* areas of life.

Corry also plays loose with the facts. For example, he notes a study by the Army's judge advocate general found eight of every ten homosexuals court-martialed for sexual misconduct in the previous four years had been involved in a sexual assault, and adds, "So much for all the witch hunts." Surely Corry knows that only a few of the thousands of gay men and lesbians investigated and summarily discharged—often because they were spied entering a gay bar, or because other gay soldiers named names when the military threatened to make public their sexual orientation—ever faced a court martial.

In fact, gays in the military and gay cops, two groups Corry seems to particularly disdain, represent the type of homosexual which the right should be supporting—those who embrace bedrock American values of hard work and personal decorum and just want the right to go about their business without being hassled by the government over their sexual orientation.

At some point the *Spectator* is going to have to decide whether it supports or opposes Big Brother intruding into the citizenry's private lives. To paraphrase a pre–politically correct left-wing ditty, Which side are you on, boys?

—Stephen H. Miller
New York, New York

John Corry replies:

Mr. Miller has a point, but not necessarily the whole one. Dick Cheney, as secretary of defense, came down hard against witch hunts. I think he was right to do so, and I suspect that my colleagues at *TAS* do, too.

Cherokee Rebs

As the grandson of one of Forrest's troopers (Rucker's Horse), I greatly appreciated Robert Novak's insightful review of Jack Hurst's biography of Nathan B. Forrest (*TAS*, November 1993). But Forrest was not the last Southern commander still leading troops in the field in the spring of 1865. Brigadier General Stand Watie, CSA, did not surrender his depleted little force of about 400 Cherokee Indian cavalrymen until July 1865. It took quite a while for word of Appomattox to reach what is now Oklahoma in those days.

—John W. Bowling
Troy, Alabama

Golan

Saul Lewis ("To Syria, With Love," *TAS*, November 1993) predicts that an Israel-Syria peace treaty "would look a lot like the current Egyptian-Israeli peace treaty," and as an example mentions that such a treaty would provide for "stationing [American] troops on the Golan [Heights] to serve as a buffer between Syrian and Israeli forces." Actually, the idea of putting U.S. troops on the Golan is one of the most significant ways in which the proposed Israel-Syria deal deviates from the Israel-Egypt model.

There may be a small token force of U.S. troops in the Egyptian-occupied Sinai, between Israeli and Egyptian forces, but it is far too small and ill-equipped to protect Israel from future Egyptian aggression. What Israel does have to protect it from Egypt is hundreds of miles of demilitarized Sinai desert—which is not necessarily preferable to what Israel had before giving up the Sinai (such as air force bases and sophisticated warning systems in the Sinai), but still more effective than a few American soldiers with pistols.

On the Golan Heights, however, there is no such expanse of terrain protecting Israel from another Syrian attack. The Golan is less than fifteen miles wide, meaning that Syrians could cross it in minutes without Israel having sufficient time to mobilize against them. If Israel surrenders the Golan to Syria in exchange for American "protection," it will be assuming a great risk indeed. Whatever token force the Clinton administration would place on the Golan (and we can safely assume that neither this administration nor this Congress would agree to a force large enough and well equipped enough to fight a war with Syria) would be helpless in the face of a Syrian assault.

To make matters even more complicated, the Golan is literally just a few miles down the road from southern Lebanon, haven for Hezbollah Islamic terrorists who have vowed to drive every non-Muslim out of the Middle East. They are the ones who attacked the U.S. Marines' barracks in Lebanon in 1983 (killing 241), and they will surely regard every American on the Golan as a legitimate tar-

(continued on page 65)

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Maybe Clinton should read his mail from time to time.

It might help!

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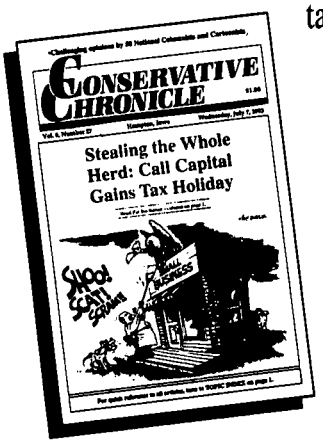

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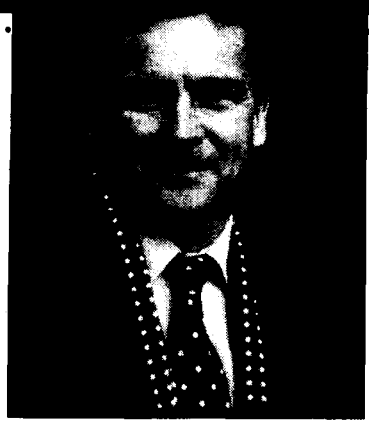


Live Fat-Free or Die

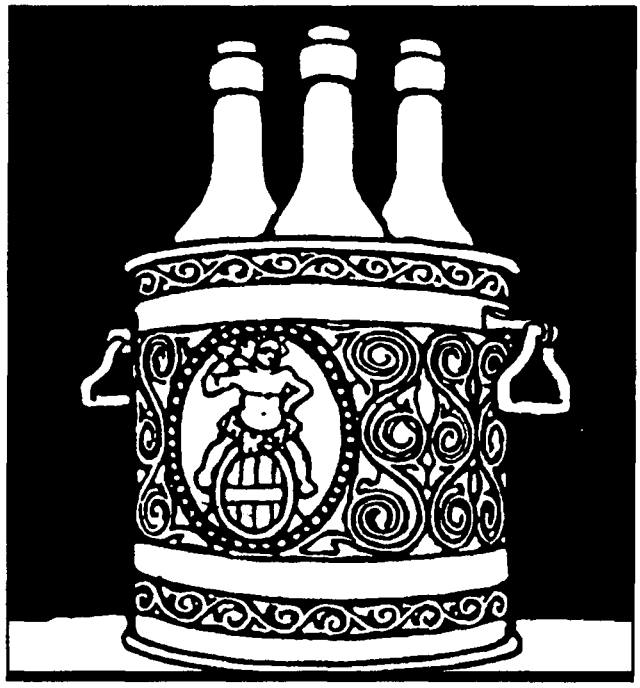
by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

According to an article in the *Journal of the American Medical Association,* written by government researchers, my bartender is a killer. The hamburger flipper at the local McDonald's and all his cronies in the junk-food Mafia are equally homicidal. The local tobacconist has blood on his hands, and so do all the rogues who appear on television, beguiling us into becoming couch potatoes. In 1990—the most recent year in which statistics are available—these hitherto unidentified killers dispatched 1,148,000 innocent Americans. You can be sure that Hillary Clinton's national health-care program will bring them all to justice.

She is going to save the innocent by making it more difficult—or at least more costly—to drink alcohol, eat junk food, and avoid exercise. Alcohol, tobacco, junk food, and a "sedentary lifestyle," according to these "government researchers," account for nearly half America's annual deaths. "People may not realize the extent [to] which deaths among Americans are preventable," says Dr. J. Michael McGinnis, head of the Office of Disease Prevention at the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services and one of the writers of this tenebrous report. He and like-minded public-health experts prescribe "behavioral change." Already Mrs. Clinton plans to bring about behavioral change among smokers by raising the cost of tobacco 300 percent. Alcohol will be next, then junk food, then sex.

Yes, sex! According to the government study now published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association,* 30,000 deaths from preventable disease in 1990 were attributable to sex. Alcohol helped polish off 100,000. Poor diet and lack of exercise accounted for 300,000 preventable deaths. Once national health care is brought down on our heads and every taxpayer is bearing the cost of your dubious habits, you can be sure that statists such as Mrs. Clinton will be promising to keep taxes down by enforcing "behavioral change" among drinkers, junk-food eaters, couch potatoes, and practitioners of unwholesome sex. That is one of the many reasons I oppose national health care. We have quite enough bureaucrats patrolling our private lives right now.

Mrs. Clinton has already admitted that she would like to impose taxes on substances deemed dangerous to our health. When asked in September during her appearance before the House Ways and Means Committee if she would consider taxing such unhealthy substances as caffeine, cholesterol, salt, sugar and alcohol, Mrs. Clinton pertly replied to her questioner, Congressman Jim Bunning, "If there is a way that you can ever come up with to tax substances like the ones you just named we'll be glad to look at it." Who doubts that even now this champion of the nanny state is abundant with ideas to tax and otherwise regulate the aforementioned poisons?



A national health-care system will create public pressure behind the health bureaucrats' lust to patrol our lives and tax such traditional pleasures as unwholesome foods and restful repose, rather than the governmentally prescribed 30-minute daily workout. The burden of the *JAMA* article on "preventable" deaths is that they are costly. "When you come up with half the total number of deaths in this country are preventable, that people can do something about, the implications are enormous from an economic point of view," declares Dorothy Rice, a

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Times *column syndicated by Creators Syndicate.*

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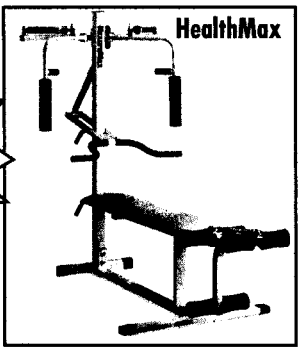

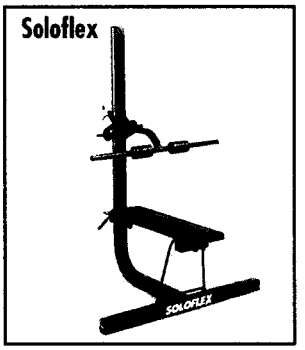

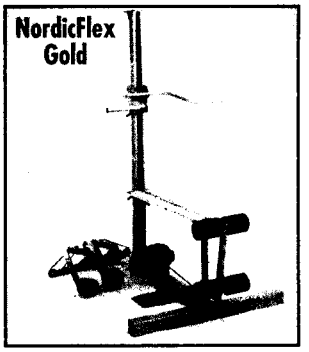

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medical economist, in the *Los Angeles Times*. And Dr. McGinnis declares: "To the individual the message is 'You can do a great deal to control your own health destiny.'" Right now, if you would rather eat junk food and lie on the couch you can. With national health care the government will put an end to these costly indulgences.

But how did these researchers arrive at their grim figures? They examined death certificates from 1990 and *speculated*. From all I can tell, no serious analysis of the lifestyles of the deceased exists, nor of their family histories, nor any other personal details. No distinction is drawn between the longevity of a hard drinker, say Winston Churchill, and the early death of an F. Scott Fitzgerald; the longevity of a smoker like the jazz musician Eubie Blake, and the early death of a smoker less favored by fate or by genes.

Raw data is fed into a computer and, hesto presto, hundreds of thousands of "preventable" deaths mount up. Then the health-care experts move in with their mandate for changing behavior. The assumption is that adult Americans cannot be trusted to manage their own lives. Apparently we must live the salubrious lives of the Clintons, lest we cost our society a bundle with our "preventable deaths." ❐

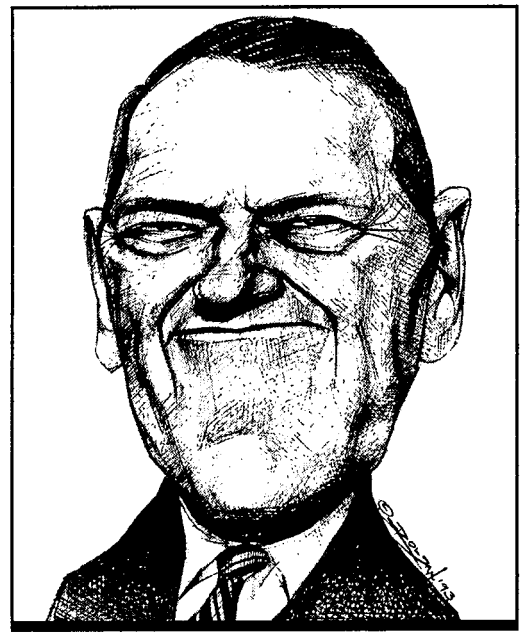
IN MEMORIAM

Maurice Cranston

Professor Maurice Cranston, one of the stalwarts of *The American Spectator*'s Editorial Board, collapsed and died of a heart attack in a good cause on November 5. He was engaged in a television commentary on Lady Thatcher's memoirs for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. For a profoundly serious champion of freedom and prudent politics, it was a proper way to exit, but it has left his colleagues here at *The American Spectator* lost in sadness.

Maurice Cranston was a great gentleman, a superb teacher, and a graceful, tireless, and extremely wise writer. He was born in 1920 to a theatrical family. In his early years he followed the bohemian life. His involvement in resettling Jewish refugees from Germany eventually turned him towards political philosophy. With his natural independence of mind and a scholarly rigor he pursued the study of freedom at Oxford. A head "full of seventeenth-century rationalism," as he put it, and an interest in continental philosophy kept him free of the hooey of academic fashion. He lectured in both English and French; but in his own words, "I have always sought what Jean Starobinski called *la grande paix des bibliothèques*." In 1958 he married Baroness Maximiliana von und zu Fraunberg. They had two sons.

Though never doctrinaire, he sustained conservatism's growing influence at the London School of Economics. That institution may have begun as a seedbed of British socialism, but when one of the founders of modern conservatism, the political philosopher Michael Oakeshott, replaced the leftist Harold Laski as a professor of political science, it was apparent that conservatism was also a strong presence in the faculty. Upon Oakeshott's retirement Maurice was appointed to his chair, in a department that now contained such conservatives as Kenneth Minogue. While at the LSE, Maurice became a great teacher. Once past his shyness, students found a devoted mentor and lifelong friend. Maurice wrote scholarly works that will be read for decades. Of particular importance is his work on Locke and Rousseau. Yet he was always available to write the kind of elegant and trenchant essays and reviews that have appeared here and in other periodicals. His review of John Rawls's *Political Liberalism* on page 58 is characteristic.



I personally remember Maurice for his kindliness, his wit, his learning, his good sense, his keen analytical mind, his high standards, and his sense of the risible. He brought people together. If he knew I was going to be in London and there was a writer that might be helpful to *The American Spectator*, he would introduce us. He, too, had been an editor.

It was my good fortune to have been his guest for lunch at the Garrick Club in London the month before he died. His other guest was one of the conservative luminaries with whom he had visited and conspired for years, the economist William Letwin. Bill's wife Shirley Robin Letwin was also a stalwart in that circle. She died in June, and the day before our lunch we had commemorated her death at a memorial at St. Martin in the Fields church with Lady Thatcher. Our lunch was lively. When I told them that before every writing session on a book I now have well under way I like to jog or take a warm bath, they reminded me that Machiavelli would dress formally in a black cape before his writing sessions, even in exile. Yet amid the robust chatter and laughs one could still see the grief etched along the rims of Bill Letwin's eyes. Bereavement always seems to leave its mark on the eyes. Now Maurice's many friends and colleagues are suffering a touch of that loss.

Bill and I left Maurice down the street from the Garrick. We hailed a cab and he shoved off to the London Library, to carry on his work in *la grande paix des bibliothèques*. I assume he has now found a still greater *paix*. Kenneth Minogue replaces him on *The American Spectator's* Editorial Board.

—RET

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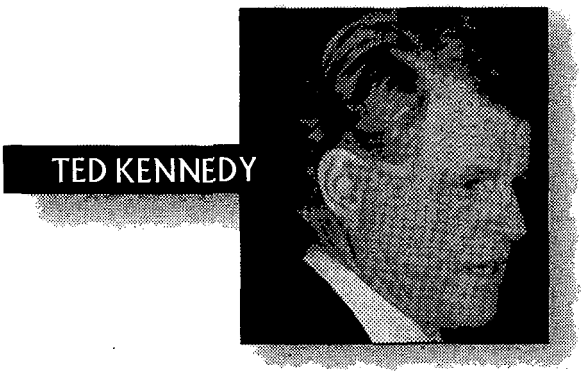

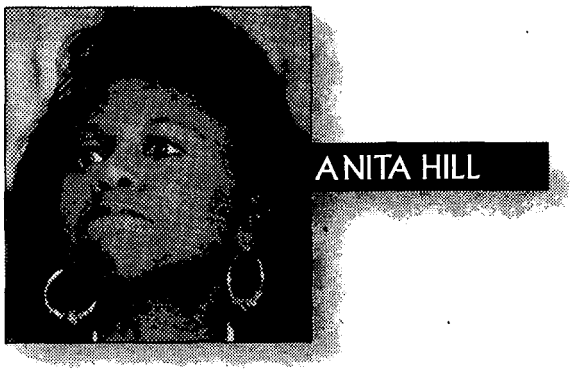

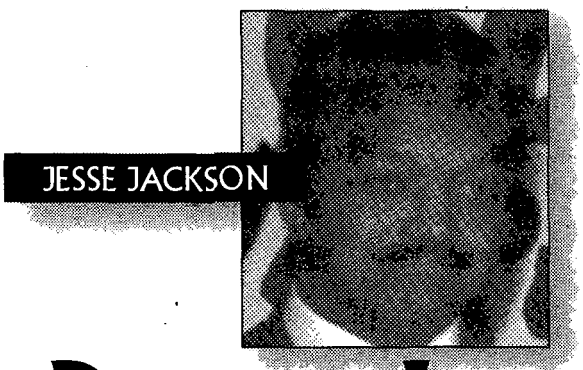

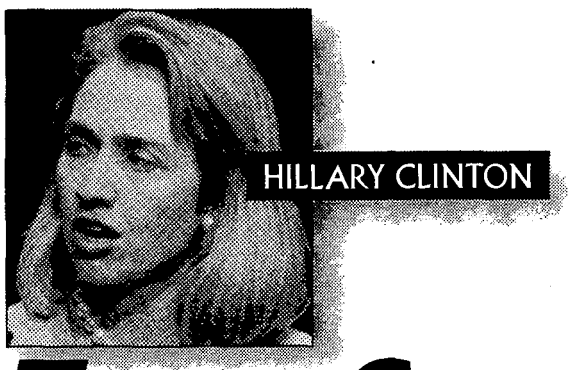

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The Gathering Storm

by Tom Bethell

While in England recently I had the opportunity to reflect on a hopeful portent: the increasing rustiness of the welfare state in Western Europe. Sometimes I think that the anti-Communist revolution of 1989-91 may turn out to have been merely the first phase of a more widespread and more general anti-socialist revolution. I even dare hope that we are beginning to see signs of the next phase of this revolution, both in Western Europe and the United States.

May we agree, first, that we have all been living through a socialist age? It was in 1890 that Beatrice Potter, soon to marry Sidney Webb, wrote in her diary, "I dimly see the tendency towards a socialist community in which there will be individual freedom and public property instead of class slavery and the private possession of the means of subsistence. At last I am a socialist." Well, she was wrong about the individual freedom, but the socialist community was duly cobbled together by intellectuals, and it has lasted about a hundred years now. Hayek says somewhere that false religions don't last much longer than that.

Since 1945 we have been so trained to think of the Communist World and the Free World as polar opposites that it is not so easy to see their underlying similarities. In any age people are more conscious of their factional disputes than of the ideas and institutions that almost all take for granted. Look back to the past and you will see minor points hotly contested (the Wars of the Roses) and far more fundamental things taken for granted (the divine right of kings).

Socialism has been the dominant idea of the past century. It's just that we tend to take its premises for granted, and find it hard to visualize life organized in any other way. We accept as a given the redistributive welfare state, the ubiquitous social worker, the endless obsession with equality, the tendency of almost all states to acquire limitless power, and the widespread intellectual support for these positions. Provided they are granted a special exemption (in the form of a vigilantly guarded First Amendment), journalists today see no threat to individual liberty in the enlargement of state power—witness their enthusiastic reception of the Clintons' plan to socialize medicine in this country. It's also clear that the progressive impulse has not been blunted by the collapse of Communism—a system based on the presumption that the state could create wealth. Despite its utter failure to do so, American liberals and their European counterparts blindly press on for the further expansion of state power wherever an opportunity presents itself.

Communism, best thought of as the fundamentalist version of the socialist religion, was itself the brainchild of Western intellectuals. In 1991 Boris Yeltsin made the interesting complaint that Soviet Communism had been an "experiment" foisted on Russia by Westerners who might at least have had the decency to try it out first on a smaller scale. For decades Western intellectuals believed that state tyranny was more productive than voluntary labor (some probably still believe it but daren't say so openly) and as recently as the 1970s the CIA had statistics to prove that the Soviet system of tyranny, called central planning, would soon outproduce the system based on private property. Then, without a great deal of warning, Communism collapsed. The total state turned out to be unproductive. It could not deliver on its promises.

It had been opposed by the semi-total state of the Western world, which permits elections and restricted private property, and allows people to retain about half the money they earn. But the similarities may be more important than the differences. Our semi-total state has internalized the same egalitarian ideals that animated the Communist ideology. The good news is that it isn't working the way it used to.

Here are a few examples. The *Washington Post* reported earlier this year that, in Holland,

> about 15 percent of the potential workforce is collecting disability benefits under a generous system that has granted workers a net 80 percent of their take-home salaries for life—or at least until they reach retirement age—in the event of total disability. Since unemployment benefits are less generous, many workers who would otherwise be counted in the jobless rolls have managed to get on disability.
>
> "You just tell them you don't feel well," said Geerit Zalm, managing director of the Central Planning Bureau, a Dutch government agency. "One-third of the disability inflow is because of psychological problems. Another third is because of back problems." Counting retirees, 86 inactive Dutch citizens receive government support payments for every 100 workers. In 1973, the ratio was only 52 to 100.

The *New York Times* updated this report a couple of months later, quoting an official at the Dutch Ministry for Social Affairs as saying that 912,000 people, "or about 18 percent of the workforce in the Netherlands, receive disability pay. Confounding the stereotype of a nation of placid burghers, nearly a third of those recipients suffer from 'stress.'"

In Spain, one person receives a state

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benefit payment for every one working. Unemployment there is said to be about 23 percent. In the twelve countries of the European Community, unemployment is now approaching 20 million, but some say this figure understates the true total because it does not include those who are so content with their disability benefits that they are no longer looking for a job.

Unemployment in Germany is expected to reach 6 million next year, a level of joblessness reached in the Weimar Republic. Chancellor Kohl recently referred to Germany as a "collective leisure park." In Germany, as elsewhere, the slightest talk of cutting back on benefit levels results in huge demonstrations by indignant members of the recipient classes. In Bonn, for example, 120,000 construction workers rallied recently to protest a planned phase-out of "bad weather" winter payments to workers. There has been talk of job-sharing in Germany—a four-day week accompanied by a 20 percent pay cut. No doubt the workers will get their four-day week—but with the same paycheck.

In a long article in the *Washington Times* in October, "Eurogloom Foreshadows Social Upheaval," Arnaud de Borchgrave pointed out that Italy "is the first advanced economy to reach the spine-snapping ratio of less than one employed contributor for one retired beneficiary: 20 million workers for 21 million beneficiaries." In Britain (pop. 56 million), about 25 million people receive state benefits, including the unemployed, pensioners, and child-benefit recipients. Payouts to fraudulent claimants now run to about $7 billion a year. While I was in Britain, proposals to staunch this hemorrhage with palm-printed ID cards were met with the usual howls of rage. The very idea that the recipient classes could be engaged in deceit was regarded as a slur upon the good name of victimhood. The budget deficit in Britain is now up to about $75 billion a year—far greater than its American equivalent, as a percentage of GDP.

It's worth noting, incidentally, that, very much like the "Reagan revolution," the changes brought about by Margaret Thatcher have been greatly exaggerated on all sides. Under her rule, the welfare state became more expansive (hence the growth of the underclass in Britain, as Charles Murray has pointed out), and the percentage of GNP captured by the state also increased. It's true she defeated the miners, who openly hankered after something closer to the Soviet model, but in so doing she merely kept the old system going. She didn't roll anything back. Reviewing the Thatcher memoirs the other day, Henry Kissinger wrote that she "set out to demonstrate that the Conservatives could prosper while dismantling the role of the state." But this is merely the polite fiction of the ruling class, who want us to think that there are real differences between modern political parties. No such dismantling took place.

What's interesting about the present situation in Europe is that there is no easy way out. The voters try to bring about change by turfing out incumbents but this never seems to make any difference. (How wonderful, though, to see those pathetic Progressive Tories thrown out in Canada!) In Britain the Conservatives have managed to hang onto power, but only because Labour promised to raise taxes rather too candidly. When I was in England the Conservatives, who resemble nothing so much as Bush Republicans, were planning to reduce the deficit by . . . raising taxes! Specifically, by imposing a VAT, or value-added tax, on fuel. (The VAT, now 17.5 percent in Britain, was greatly increased by Margaret the Dismantler.) There's a possibility that the Tories could soon go the way of their Canadian counterparts, because it's clear that they now stand for nothing at all. In the U.S., the GOP should ponder the same lesson. What, exactly, does it stand for?

The Maastricht treaty took effect, but this is a mere charade of European union, a kind of tax-exempt plaything for the ruling classes, giving them the chance to play at Planning and occasionally levy important-sounding fines against violators of this or that mysterious edict. Hardly anyone believes it should be taken more seriously than that. Monsieur Delors, the architect of this soft-socialist absurdity, apparently does still believe that more government spending can drive economic growth in Keynesian fashion, but he may be the only person left in Europe who still thinks this.

The underlying problem in Europe is that the recipient classes are now so vast and well organized, with so much leisure at their disposal—their "stress" and their "back problems" seem to abate sufficiently when it comes time to vote or organize a protest rally—that politicians are more fearful of them than of everybody else combined. Consequently, welfare programs are never cut and government spending does nothing but go up—always and everywhere. When I was in England there was much talk of defense cuts, but John Major's chancellor of the exchequer took care to announce that welfare programs would be "safe from cuts."

An important reason for the impending crisis is that the inflationary escape route of recent decades is no longer available. Bond markets have become too sophisticated. Lenders demand an inflation premium the moment they scent monetary expansion. The result is that governments now find it very much more difficult to repudiate their debts by inflating the currency in the old, dishonorable fashion. Horrors! Perhaps you can see why talk of social upheaval is in the air.

Another point worth noting is that supply-side tax cuts kept the game afloat in the 1980s, and it's not clear that this strategy can be repeated. The very high tax rates that were in effect throughout Europe in the early 1980s had introduced great inefficiencies into the finance of all governments, and it really was true that reducing those rates increased both tax revenues and the level of economic activity. This bailed the system out for a while. Now, however, tax cutting is in great disrepute throughout Europe and it is not likely that governments will try it again soon. Therefore I do not see any easy resolution of the problem. The politicians will go on resisting all attempts to cut back on their respective welfare states until a real crisis develops. And that does seem to be approaching.

It has been assumed that welfare states are stable, but now it is not so clear that they are. Nineteenth-century economists, including Ricardo and John Stuart Mill, thought that if the recipients of taxpayer-provided benefits could vote they would be tempted to vote themselves ever-increasing amounts, which obviously could not be permitted. Now, however, this is exactly what has come to pass, and it will be difficult to reform the system before it collapses. And here we see another resemblance to Communism. Gorbachev knew that the Soviet system had to be changed, but he wasn't able to do it in time. The beneficiaries of that system had enough clout to prevent its reform, but not its collapse. ❐

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Living With the Clintons

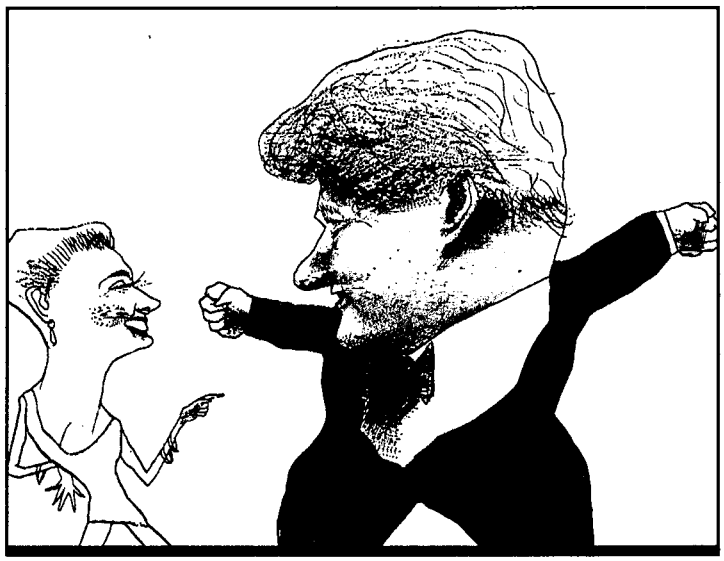
Bill's Arkansas bodyguards tell the story the press missed.

by David Brock

I

In a remarkable but little-noticed article buried inside the Sunday *Washington Post* four months before the 1992 presidential election, top Clinton campaign aide Betsey Wright said she had been spending the better part of her time since the Democratic National Convention trying to quell potential "bimbo eruptions."

Through the Little Rock gossip mills, the campaign was tracking nineteen potential allegations that had surfaced in the first week following the convention, in addition to seven others that had appeared earlier in the year, Wright said. The extensive effort to short-circuit such stories, Wright said, included the campaign's hiring of a private investigator to obtain information damaging to the credibility of the women involved, which was then used, presumably, to persuade them to stay quiet.



Perhaps unintentionally, the phrase "bimbo eruptions" cut two ways. Wright's choice of the epithet "bimbo"—and a later reference to "gold-digger growth"—was obviously meant to discredit in advance any reports of sexual liaisons between Arkansas governor Bill Clinton and women other than his wife, Hillary. Yet at the same time, Wright also seemed to be conceding, if not promising, that there was more to come—i.e., the imminent appearance of an unspecified number of such women, and a subsequent round of stories raising questions about Clinton's private life.

Wright was not the first to talk about the campaign's aggressive efforts to discredit sources and lobby reporters and editors to spike emerging news stories. Writing in the *New York Times* in March, Gwen Ifill reported:

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There have been constant, though undocumented, reports of articles that were never published because the Clinton damage controllers were on full alert before final publication decisions were made. This works "more often than you think," said George Stephanopoulos.

Even the recently released documentary about the 1992 campaign, *The War Room*, showed Stephanopoulos on the telephone on the eve of the election, warning a caller not to go public with damaging information about Clinton's private life.

The campaign had gone on "full alert" when Gennifer Flowers, the former cabaret singer, alleged in an interview with the *Star* supermarket tabloid that she had carried on a 12-year affair with Clinton ("Mistress Tells All, The Secret Love Tapes That Prove It"). With Hillary at his side, Clinton appeared on "60 Minutes" to deny that he had ever had an affair with Flowers, calling her only "a friendly acquaintance," but acknowledging unspecified "wrongdoing" and "causing pain in my marriage."

Flowers's story was tainted at the outset, when she was reportedly paid $150,000 to cooperate with a publication of no journalistic repute. It was then discovered by the *Arkansas Democrat-Gazette* that she had misrepresented parts of her educational background and work history. Writing in the *New Republic*, Sidney Blumenthal described Flowers as "the woman in red, trimmed in black to match the roots of her frosted hair."

On the other hand, there was direct evidence weighing in favor of Flowers. Though they had some unexplained pauses and ambiguous references, Flowers had tapes of conversations with Clinton, including his instruction that she deny that they had talked about her obtaining a state job ("If they ever ask you if you've talked to me about it, you can say no"). She also had corroboration for her story from her mother Mary, as well as from her roommate at the time, Lauren Kirk, who declared in an interview with the *New York Post*'s Cindy Adams, "There can be no doubt that she and Bill Clinton had sex with one another."[1] And finally, Clinton never denied the authenticity of the tapes; in fact, he apologized to Mario Cuomo for a taped remark imputing Mafia ties to the New York governor.

Yet with very few exceptions—Phil Donahue and the *Washington Monthly*'s Charles Peters among them—the press was untroubled by these wrinkles in Clinton's denial of the Flowers affair and accepted his suggestion that any marital indiscretions were history. Pressed by Donahue, Clinton seemed to assert that any peccadilloes were a thing of the past: "I've told you the only facts I think you're entitled to know. Have I had any problems with my marriage? Yes. Are we in good shape now? Yes." The contention that any marital infidelity was no longer occurring was crucial to Clinton's ability to put out the fire. As the *New York Times* paraphrased Clinton pollster Stan Greenberg at the time, "As long as voters believed the candidate had not lied and that his marriage was 'real,' they will not turn on him."

[1] After speaking to the press, Kirk was fired from her job as a realtor in Dallas.

For the most part, the press coverage quickly devolved into a tortured colloquium on whether or not infidelity was a Legitimate Issue. To the extent that members of the press corps had come to believe that it no longer was, that they had gone too far in destroying Democratic front-runner Gary Hart's political career by exposing his ties to model Donna Rice in 1987, Clinton may have been treated with kid gloves on the womanizing issue. Though opinion polls showed that 14 percent of the electorate would not vote for an adulterer, the indifferent public response to the Flowers story may have convinced many in the media that the public desire for "change" outweighed any concerns about Clinton's character. In addition, it was clear that many reporters viewed Clinton as "one of us," a product of the 1960s not only politically, but on sexual matters as well—a "liberal semi-hip contemporary who seems to share their [reporters'] values," as the *Boston Globe* described the candidate. Clinton booster Eleanor Clift of *Newsweek* candidly stated after the Flowers revelations, "Truth is, the press is willing to cut Clinton some slack because they like him and what he has to say."

Nonetheless, a competing if minority view among some journalists held that the press must not repeat the slavish self-censorship of the Kennedy days. Surely a number of news organizations continued to scrutinize Clinton's private life after the Flowers story faded, and even more so following his presidential nomination. Despite Clinton's tacit admission of infidelity, however, after Flowers no other "bimbos" erupted.[2]

Having recently spent a good deal of time in Arkansas with people who were close to the Clintons in their Little Rock years, I'm fairly certain that it was less a lack of professional interest in the subject, and more the lack of on-the-record sourcing due to the strong-arm tactics acknowledged by Wright and Stephanopoulos, that kept what could have been one of the biggest political stories of the campaign from seeing the light of day.

II

Much has been written of Clinton's fascination with JFK, dating back to the time he was introduced to the president while visiting Washington as a teenager in 1963. When Clinton returned from Washington, he announced to his mother that he was going to enter politics. This past September, President Clinton

[2] Other names surfaced in the tabloids but, unlike Flowers, were never mentioned in the mainstream press. Appearing on the Sally Jesse Raphael show in July 1992, Sally Perdue, a former Miss Arkansas, claimed that she had had an affair with Clinton, but the media generally did not report this. After the appearance, Perdue was fired from her job in the admissions office of a Midwestern university. A second woman had actually surfaced prior to Flowers, in *Penthouse*. Connie Hamzy of Little Rock said she had been sunbathing by a pool at a hotel in North Little Rock in August 1984 when an aide to Clinton approached her and arranged a sexual encounter with Clinton.

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summoned journalist Richard Reeves, the author of the recent biography *President Kennedy*, to the White House to discuss his book. Reeves writes of how Kennedy and his handlers worked hard to keep stories of the president's womanizing out of the papers, much as the Clinton campaign would do some thirty years later:

> [Kennedy] understood an important fact about the press and scandal: respectable journals generally avoided being the first to report on rumors or evidence concerning sex. But he knew that once something had been printed, no matter where, newspapers and magazines quickly quoted each other, using the first publication as a peg for their own reports. . . . The idea was to stop the first mention.

Clinton followed his idol's strategy, and thus far he's been amazingly successful. On the Flowers tapes, Clinton is heard saying, "They can't run a story like this unless somebody said, 'Yeah, I did it with him.' " Given the way Flowers was made an example of by Wright, Blumenthal, and others, women who have been linked to Clinton were less likely to come forward. But aside from the women, there was another group of sources sought after by reporters in the fall of 1992 because they were uniquely positioned to have first-hand knowledge of the subject: the dozen or so Arkansas state police officers assigned to the governor's security detail both before and during the presidential run.

Under state law, these troopers are charged with safeguarding the first family of Arkansas, as well as the grounds of the gubernatorial mansion in downtown Little Rock. In practice, at least during the six terms that Clinton held office, the troopers functioned as chauffeurs, butlers, bodyguards, errand boys, and baggage handlers. They did everything for the Clintons, from receiving and placing telephone calls to changing bicycle tires and cleaning up after Socks the cat (who apparently retches with alarming frequency).

In late August and in September and October, I spent more than thirty hours interviewing four state troopers who had worked for the Clintons at various times over the years; in total, their experience covered most of the period from early 1979, when Clinton first took office, to January 16, 1993, when Clinton left Little Rock and flew east for his presidential inauguration. The meetings took place after I received an unsolicited tip that a group of Arkansas troopers was considering coming forward to tell all they knew about the Clintons, including extensive first-hand information about Bill's philandering.

The troopers' proximity to the Clintons had prompted reporters from many national news organizations to seek them out for interviews in 1992, calling them at home all hours of the day and night for weeks. Up until last fall, when I interviewed them, they had not talked. I spoke with the troopers separately and in various combinations and then re-interviewed them several times on tape to test and re-test their account for inconsistencies and embellishment.

Ultimately, two of the troopers, Larry Patterson and Roger Perry, decided to go on the record with the material and allow their names to be used in this piece. At that point, they retained two lawyers: Cliff Jackson, a former Oxford classmate of Clinton's, who had accused Clinton of lying about his draft history in a series of media interviews in 1992; and Lynn Davis, a former director of the Arkansas state police and a former prosecutor.[3]

The troopers also spoke on the record and swore to affidavits furnished to the *Los Angeles Times*, which may make use of some of the material for a broader piece being developed on how the Clinton campaign kept these and similar stories from surfacing in 1992. The other two troopers have decided against going public at this time; their recollections are included here only if what they related to me in our off-the-record interviews corresponds with specific experiences they confided contemporaneously to one or both of the on-the-record troopers.

The troopers seem to have mixed motives. They say they are moved by public-spiritedness. They have come forward now because they believe the reckless personal behavior and poor judgment they witnessed by then-governor Clinton, if continued by the president, a subject on which they cannot speak authoritatively, could constitute a risk to the national security of the U.S. by making the president easy prey for blackmailers.

But as with all sources, there is also an element of self-interest and score-settling in their decision to speak to the media. As the troopers see it, Clinton behaved ungratefully and even rudely toward them after election day. "We lied for him and helped him cheat on his wife, and he treated us like dogs," Patterson said. When one of the troopers asked Clinton to sign some photographs for his family after the election, he said the president-elect snapped: "I don't have time for that s---." Clinton assured Patterson that he would secure for him a lateral transfer within the state police organization before leaving office, but he never found five minutes to make the telephone call. (The current governor, Jim Guy Tucker, later did.)

There is also a prospective financial interest. Patterson, 47, the articulate senior member of the group, with twenty-seven years of service in the state police, and Perry, 43, with sixteen years of service, hope to collaborate on a book about life at the governor's mansion. Perry, who worked for Clinton in his first term, returned to duty at the governor's mansion in 1989 and remains on Tucker's detail. Patterson had worked for Clinton on several special assignments

[3] The process of getting the material from Patterson and Perry on the record was a long one. In October we signed a written agreement authorizing me to publish this piece in this magazine while protecting their right to sell a book later. So great was their fear of retaliation from what they called "the Clinton machine," that the troopers then had Jackson make inquiries about establishing a defense fund to cover potential legal costs and lost income that could result from coming forward. In early December, however, the troopers decided to go on the record with no such protection, in order to guard against the potential criticism that they had been induced to talk for money. To allay my own concerns on this issue, I requested and received written assurance from Jackson prior to publication that no money had been paid or promised to his clients by anyone for disclosing any information.

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before assuming full-time duties in 1987. They both served Clinton until his last day as governor in 1993.

The experiences of Patterson and Perry, only a selection of which will be described here, show that, in addition to lying to the American public when he denied his relationship with Gennifer Flowers and claimed that any infidelity had occurred only earlier in his marriage, Clinton had an elaborate damage-control operation that was reminiscent of John Kennedy's—and for a very good reason: For at least a decade, Clinton has been prone to extramarital affairs, often more than one at a time, and to numerous one-night stands. According to the troopers, the clandestine sexual encounters occurred even after the presidential election and continued through Clinton's final days in Little Rock.

Clinton is a man of gargantuan appetites and enormous drive, and not only in relation to women. "When he would eat an apple," said Roger Perry, a stout 6'2" chain-smoker who does not seem easily offended, "he would eat the whole thing, core, stem, and seeds. He would pick up a baked potato with his hands and eat it in two bites. I've never seen anything like it."

The troopers said their "official" duties included facilitating Clinton's cheating on his wife. This meant that, on the state payroll and using state time, vehicles, and resources, they were instructed by Clinton on a regular basis to approach women and to solicit their telephone numbers for the governor; to drive him in state vehicles to rendezvous points and guard him during sexual encounters; to secure hotel rooms and other meeting places for sex; to lend Clinton their state cars so he could slip away and visit women unnoticed; to deliver gifts from Clinton to various women (some of whom, like Flowers, also had state jobs); and to help Clinton cover up his activities by keeping tabs on Hillary's whereabouts and lying to Hillary about her husband's whereabouts.

How important such revelations are in any assessment of Bill Clinton as a man, and as a political leader, can be left for the reader's judgment. The *Newsweek* reviewer of the Reeves book identified the dilemma for journalists and historians:

> Kennedy scholars have by now proved that his private life was less than admirable. He was a compulsive womanizer and, like most such men and many presidents, an accomplished liar. A biographer has to decide how far to interpret Kennedy's public performance as president through the medium of his private foibles.

Surely, it is nothing new that many politicians use their positions to solicit sexual favors and come to believe that the laws and mores that govern others don't apply to them. So far as the troopers knew, Clinton's activities did not include abuse of drugs or alcohol, and all of the women appear to have been willing participants in the affairs and liaisons. Some may well conclude, therefore, that Bill and Hillary Clinton's loose sexual morals and their habitual foul language are irrelevant to their public roles and, in any event, are not uncharacteristic of their generation as a whole.

Still, the Clintons hold positions that, it is possible to argue, ought to be subject to a higher standard, particularly for people so inclined to argue for their public policies in a moral context. While rumors of extramarital dalliances have surrounded many presidents in this century, the scale of Clinton's past indiscretions, if it has been sustained in the White House, as has been widely rumored, would appear to far exceed that of any of his predecessors, with the possible exception of John Kennedy. If, as the troopers describe it, he is a sexual predator and exploiter of women, his behavior may be more egregious than that which destroyed the political careers and reputations of Gary Hart, John Tower, and most recently Bob Packwood.

III

But there is a larger point in the case of Clinton that goes well beyond any moral or ethical judgment about—or prurient interest in—his private life. When sources come forward of their own volition to describe how Clinton's private activities have caused lies to be told, threats to be made, and cover-ups to be undertaken, an issue of public integrity is raised, and the public's right to know outweighs a public figure's claim to privacy or journalistic discretion. Thus, even if one is inclined to give the issues of character, judgment, and self-control raised by the troopers' account of Clinton's behavior little weight—much of the material should strike readers as more farcical than scandalous, a view shared by the troopers, who chuckled through some of the telling—it became evident in the reporting of this story that Clinton and his surrogates continue to regard his private behavior as a political time bomb. Their effort to try to thwart publication of the story is itself newsworthy—and quite illustrative of how this information was kept from voters during the 1992 campaign.

Shortly after my first session with the troopers, three of the

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four (Perry and the two who wished to remain off the record) received telephone calls from their former supervisor on the governor's security detail, Captain Raymond L. "Buddy" Young, who last July was named by Clinton to head a regional Federal Emergency Management Agency office in Texas. Perry said Young told him that he was aware that they had hired lawyers and were thinking of going public with a book or a story. Perry said that Young told him, "I represent the president of the United States. Why do you want to destroy him over this? You don't know anything anyway. . . . This is not a threat, but I wanted you to know that your own actions could bring about dire consequences." Patterson said Young sent him a handwritten note expressing concern for Patterson's health.

In an interview, Young confirmed that he had been in contact with the three troopers to discuss this matter. "I called Roger as a friend, and I told him I thought this was wrong, it was unethical, and it was a disgrace to security people. But I never said I spoke for the president, because I don't." Young denied having been in contact with the president or anyone in the White House on this subject. Young also confirmed that he sent a note to Patterson about his health, but denied any implication that the note was a veiled threat. "Larry has heart problems, and I was concerned about his cholesterol," Young said.

He went on to say that the thrust of Patterson and Perry's account was not true and that I should look closely at their motives. "These boys made this up to sell a book and because they were mad that Clinton didn't give them promotions," he said.[4]

Young also confirmed that one of the two troopers who decided not to go on the record—but whom Young voluntarily named, Danny Ferguson—subsequently obtained part-time employment at a Little Rock company, National Safety Consultants, in which Young owns an interest. "I started this consulting service for safety training for truck drivers a few years back as a part-time deal. I own an interest, but I don't have anything to do with the operation. They subcontracted with Danny. But it had absolutely nothing to do with what we're talking about. It was totally unrelated." Young also confirmed that the second trooper interviewed by me who decided not to come forward—whom he also voluntarily named, Ronnie Anderson—had a part-time job at this same company that pre-dated our first meeting. The job provides several thousand dollars a year in supplemental income to Anderson, Young said.

Ferguson also confirmed the arrangement but denied that it was related to his having decided not to go on the record with his stories about the Clintons. "I talked to Buddy more than a year ago about this job. But when I started, it was Ronnie Anderson who arranged it. Buddy didn't even know about it until after I started. I started a month ago, and I only made $190 last month [November]. If I was going to do something not to talk, it wouldn't be for that kind of money," Ferguson said.

Another attempt to suppress the story was allegedly made by Paul "Rocky" Wilmoth, a Clinton fundraiser and Arkansas bulk-oil dealer and distributor. According to Perry, Wilmoth recently stopped by the governor's residence and told two troopers who have not been involved with this story, Frank Tappin and Derrick Flowers, to convey to Perry and Patterson that they would be "destroyed" if they talked to the press. Wilmoth denied the story, as did Flowers. Tappin declined to comment.

Perry said that Ferguson told him that Clinton called him personally while he was on duty at the Arkansas governor's mansion on at least two occasions after our first interview. During the initial call, according to Perry, Clinton let it be known that he was willing to offer favors in return for the troopers' refusal to cooperate further. Clinton told Ferguson to tell Roger Perry that "Roger can have whatever he wants [not to talk]." In another call to Ferguson, Clinton asked what precisely Perry and Patterson were saying, Perry said. "If you tell me what stories Roger and Larry are telling, I can go in the back door and handle it and clean it up," Clinton allegedly said. Perry said that Ferguson told him that in the course of the conversations Clinton offered Ferguson a federal job—either as the U.S. marshal in Little Rock or as a regional FEMA director—explicitly in exchange for his help in thwarting publication of any stories. This could be a violation by Clinton of a criminal statute barring the solicitation of money or anything of value (in this case, information) in consideration for the promise of federal employment. Ferguson said, "I'm not going to confirm anything Roger is saying I said." Asked if he was denying receiving calls from Clinton, he said, "I've talked to a lawyer and I'm not denying it. No comment." (The White House did not return calls for this story.)

These rumblings from the Clinton machine notwithstanding, Perry and Patterson have hung tough and decided to be the first to pierce the shield of secrecy surrounding Clinton's indiscretions that has been so effectively maintained up to now. Readers should be forewarned about two aspects of their story. First, the many subjective observations and judgments made about the Clintons are the troopers' own and should be considered in the light of the troopers' inherent biases and limitations. That said, the unvarnished observations of these men warrant disclosure because they provide the kind of texture that would likely not be revealed until presidential biographies were published, years or decades after the Clintons left office. Second, the reader should be warned that when the troopers are describing events they witnessed and quoting verbatim statements made in their presence, much of what they have to say is vulgar tabloid fare. This, however, reflects not on them, but on the behavior of the first couple.

IV

As the troopers saw it, the Clintons' relationship is an effective political partnership, more a business relationship than a marriage. They described Bill as the public face, the communicator, the conciliator, a man

[4] Young is currently being sued in Arkansas for allegedly lying in federal court to discredit a witness who claimed to have information about illegal drug money being funneled through the Arkansas bond market during Clinton's tenure.

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who likes to be liked and even talked with them about his "star" qualities. "One time we got to talking while I was driving him back from a political event and he said, 'You know, I'm going to have to stay in politics now, because I'm too old to be a movie star,' " Patterson recalled.

The troopers charted a distinct change between the headstrong radical of Clinton's first term—"kind of a hippie," as Perry put it—and the chastened compromiser of later years. Rejection by the voters in 1980 left Clinton with a propensity to try to please all sides, therefore often pleasing none, and an aversion to taking potentially unpopular decisions, according to Patterson and Perry.

Clinton is a very quick study—Perry remembered a time when Clinton was filming a commercial and took a typed page he had never seen before, glanced at it for less than a minute, and then recited it verbatim into the camera—and a highly energetic, tenacious worker, consumed by ambition. "He would call legislators late into the evening, lobbying for votes," said Patterson, "and we had to place the calls, waking up important state legislators well after midnight." One thing he wasn't was lazy. Clinton thrived on four hours of sleep a night, they said.

For all his intelligence and diligence, though, the troopers viewed Clinton as something of a klutz in matters of ordinary life. Patterson said he will never forget that he had to show Clinton how to operate a Mr. Coffee machine one Saturday morning—and then had to show him again on Sunday.

To be sure, Clinton rarely had to do anything for himself. During his twelve years as governor, Clinton had a full household staff, including several cooks and a babysitter on the premises paid for by the state, not to mention several inmates from Arkansas penitentiaries who worked gratis as gardeners and handymen on the grounds. (They were also made to provide free labor on the Little Rock home of the Rodhams, Hillary's parents.) The Clintons owned no property, and the state rented Bill the Lincoln town car in which he was driven.

In private moments with his bodyguards, often on long highway drives through the state, Clinton—with little experience of work outside the public sector—would sometimes reveal his insecurities. "He told me that if he was forced out of politics, he'd have no idea how to make a living," Perry said.

Clinton was perhaps more out of touch with the average voter than President Bush. One day during the presidential campaign, the troopers witnessed a group of aides briefing the governor on the prices of various common groceries following media reports (later shown to be erroneous) that President Bush did not recognize a price-scanner at a supermarket in Florida. When Clinton was later asked by a viewer on "CBS This Morning" if he knew the price of bread and milk, and he answered correctly, campaign strategist James Carville cited this performance in a *New York Times* op-ed as an example of Clinton's ability "to empathize with average people."

Spending virtually every waking hour with him, the troopers were well positioned to judge both the private and the public man. They marveled at Clinton's ability to pass himself off as something he was not, viewing it as the key to his political success. Perry thought Clinton's facility with language allowed him to bridge the gap with the Arkansas voter. "He would always try to come across as old Joe the rag man, working beside you in Pine Bluff building shelves. He could give a great speech to the common people," said Perry. This false populism manifested itself in other ways, too, they said. Throughout his tenure, Clinton was careful to fly coach-class into and out of Little Rock; but during the rest of his itinerary, he insisted on flying first-class.

At other times, Clinton would enthusiastically talk shop, explaining to the troopers how he—a career politician who chuckled privately that he "never met a tax he didn't like," as Perry recalled it—managed to get elected and re-elected in Arkansas. Clinton told Perry that his strategy amounted to little more than old-fashioned interest-group politics: If he could hold the black vote, generally about 18 percent in a state election, his victory would be sealed. "He used to say that that meant his opponent had to get his 51 percent out of 82 percent," Perry said. "It was pretty smart politics."

His outsized ego notwithstanding, the troopers found Clinton to be personable and easy to be around. When his adolescent arrogance shone through, he was always quick to apologize to the troopers for his outbursts, which have included throwing an apple at the windshield of his car from the back seat, busting a cellular phone on cement pavement, and clearing the contents of an entire desk onto the floor.

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"They were the kind of tantrums that you would not tolerate in a child," said Perry.

One of the worst explosions of temper that Larry Patterson remembered followed Clinton's ill-fated speech to the 1988 Democratic National Convention. Clinton spoke so long that delegates were shouting at him "Get off, get off" by the end. The speech had been written to last no more than seven minutes, but the Dukakis staff demanded the insertion of various lengthy passages. When Clinton arrived, the lights in the hall were supposed to be dramatically dimmed, as they had been for Ann Richards and Jesse Jackson. Instead, the lights glared, and monitors on either side of the podium mistakenly beamed "Jesse! Jesse!" causing the crowd to chant incongruously.

As Clinton left the podium, Patterson was standing on the platform along with various Democratic dignitaries. He saw Clinton stomp about, denouncing "that little Greek motherf---er" and promising to "get his ass, because he tried to kill me politically." A few weeks later, Dukakis called Clinton in Arkansas. Clinton put the telephone down for a moment and summoned Patterson in to hear what he was about to say. "He called him every kind of son of a bitch you can think of. Then he refused to endorse him until a few weeks before the election," Patterson recounted. Dukakis did not return a call seeking comment.

Dukakis was not the only Democratic competitor who met with Clinton's scorn. He seemed to delight in sharing his views on various politicians. The troopers said they remember Clinton commenting privately on Cuomo's alleged "Mafia connections" and joking about how Ted Kennedy "couldn't get a whore across a bridge." Perry said that after meeting with Jesse Jackson in October 1991 in Little Rock to get the reverend's blessing before announcing his presidential candidacy, Clinton told him that Jackson—who is reportedly contemplating a 1996 primary challenge to Clinton—was "a smart man, but I can't stand that motherf---er."

The troopers also saw first-hand that their fiercely competitive boss was not above a dirty trick or two. In the 1990 governor's race, Clinton asked Larry Patterson to locate a woman who was rumored to have had an illegitimate child by one of Clinton's primary opponents. "He was always having us research his opponents. If he had a source, he'd ask us to drop a dime on them and report back, even though he knew it was a violation of state law for us to take part in political campaigns," Patterson said. "On this one occasion, Clinton told me to go to the Holiday Inn at the [Little Rock] airport, find the woman, and offer her money or a job to sign a statement [about the illegitimate child]." Patterson followed Clinton's instructions to offer the illegal bribe, but the woman declined the offer and never came forward.

V

The troopers were closer to Bill than to Hillary Clinton, who in their telling comes off as unflatteringly one-dimensional. The troopers chauffeured Clinton on a daily basis and were privy to his every move. Hillary, on the other hand, kept her distance. When she left the residence, she never informed them of her schedule. In fact, when she could, Hillary avoided even speaking to them, preferring to speak through Bill or some other third party, possibly because she disdained their role in facilitating his philandering.

Although Hillary's circle of friends and advisers included more activist liberals, the troopers saw Hillary—like Bill—as a shrewd and practical operator concerned primarily with personal political advancement. While the troopers saw Clinton playing the candidate, they saw Hillary playing the bad cop, gutsy and decisive, all backbone. They remembered well the now-famous time that Hillary showed up at a news conference of Tom McRae, Clinton's opponent in the 1990 governor's race, and interrupted the candidate's statement with a sustained defense of her husband.

From their direct observations, Patterson and Perry said they believe that Hillary is more obsessed than Bill with his political fortunes. She expressed this concern, as she did most everything, in language that makes the Watergate tapes sound like a Sunday school lesson. "I remember one time when Bill had been quoted in the morning paper saying something she didn't like," Patterson said. "I came into the mansion and he was standing at the top of the stairs and she was standing at the bottom screaming. She has a garbage mouth on her, and she was calling him motherf---er, c---sucker, and everything else. I went into the kitchen, and the cook, Miss Emma, turned to me and said, 'The devil's in that woman.' "

Hillary, as described by the troopers, pursued power with a single-minded intensity, had few friends outside politics, and was not especially close to her family—just like her husband. "Everything was politics. They wouldn't go out to dinner with friends the way you or I would or the way I've seen this governor [Tucker] do," said Perry. "If they were invited to a private party, and there were only going to be eight or ten people there, she would say, 'We're not going to waste time at that thing. There aren't enough people there.' I never saw Hillary just relax and have a good time."

While Bill genuinely enjoyed shaking every hand in a room, Hillary seemed to view retail politics as a distasteful if necessary evil. "She hated Arkansas. She would always say how 'backward' the state was," Perry said. One trooper told Perry that Hillary forbade him to speak when he accompanied her on a trip to Washington because, as she put it, he "sounded like a hick from Arkansas."

One of Hillary's pet projects in Arkansas was HIPPY, the Home Instruction Program for Preschool Youngsters, which provided the mothers of underprivileged pre-school youth with in-home instruction by state-sponsored tutors. During the presidential campaign, a commercial was filmed at the governor's mansion featuring dozens of the impoverished HIPPY children, who stood for several hours in the baking heat while the scene was set. For security purposes, the governor's residence is fitted out with several video cameras and one audio monitor—at the rear door—that connected it to the guard house. "They would usually forget that thing was on, and we would pick up a lot of what they said. On this particular day, I heard Hillary come out on the rear porch and say, 'I

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want to get this s--- over with and get these damn people out of here,' " Perry remembered.

The troopers were also objects of Hillary's wrath. Patterson recalled the early morning of Labor Day in 1991, when Hillary came out of the mansion, got in her car, and drove off. Within a minute or so of leaving the gate, her aging blue Cutlass swung violently around and came charging back onto the grounds, tires squealing in the dust. "I thought something was terribly wrong, so I rushed out to her. And she screamed, 'Where is the goddamn f---ing flag?' It was early and we hadn't raised the flag yet. And she said, 'I want the goddamn f---ing flag up every f---ing morning at f---ing sunrise.' "

Such displays made Hillary by far the most unpopular member of the first family. Troopers volunteered to work several days of consecutive 16-hour shifts just to avoid traveling with her. Though it may have been a reflection of chauvinism on their part, the troopers thought Hillary "liked to intimidate men," Perry said. She would remark that troopers' guns are "phallic symbols." Or she would phone the mansion from her law office and order troopers to fetch feminine napkins from her bathroom and deliver them to her at the firm.

Though they believe she advised her husband on all important matters of state, it seemed to the troopers that the Clintons led very separate lives otherwise. Hillary drove herself in the Cutlass each morning to the Rose Law Firm, about a mile from the mansion. Clinton worked either from his office in the capitol or in the residence. More often than not, one of the troopers drove the Clintons' daughter, Chelsea, to school. In the evenings, the family members generally dined separately.

When Bill and Hillary did spend time together, they were barely civil to one another, in the troopers' assessment. Many times the couple would be driven to an event an hour or more outside Little Rock—with Bill sitting in the front seat of the Lincoln with the driver and Hillary in the back seat—and say nothing at all to each other, which struck the troopers as quite tragic. "If he was dead politically, I would expect a divorce in 30 days," Roger Perry said.

VI

Over the years, the troopers have seen Bill Clinton in compromising situations with dozens of women. They said their facilitation of the activities ranged from wiping make-up off his shirt collar, to standing "Hillary watch" while Clinton cavorted, to arranging sex sessions in hotel rooms and parking lots, to sneaking women into the governor's mansion while Hillary and Chelsea slept.

The troopers said Clinton devised and they executed an elaborate plan to accommodate his sexual appetites. Not all of the dozen or so troopers were assigned to these special duties. Perry and Patterson were two of a select handful, chosen by Clinton because he evidently trusted them to protect him and appreciated their street-smarts. It was kind of a down-home replay of the Kennedy days, as described by Richard Reeves:

> The logistics of Kennedy's liaisons with Judith Campbell and dozens of other women in the White House and in hotels, houses, and apartments around the country and around the world required secrecy and devotion rare even in the annals of the energetic service demanded by successful politicians. The arrangements were frequent. . . . The routine of clandestine comings and goings had to be taught to the willing among the women Kennedy regularly propositioned, often within a couple of minutes of introduction. Some of the action was somewhat graceful—or at least roses were sent with a card that said: "Friends of Evelyn Lincoln" [Lincoln was JFK's private secretary]. Some of it was in the back seats of cars. . . . The delivery duty was shared by old friends and by almost everyone in the White House from the military attachés and typists—some of whom had made the backstairs trip a few times themselves—to members of the Cabinet. . . . The women, secretaries, stars, the wives of friends, were symbols and rewards of aggressive privilege. Sneaking around, cleaning up the mess, covering up was all part of the game. . . . It was all good fun to those who knew—part of the thrill of being inside one of the president's closer circles. Keeping the secrets was part of the price of admission, and those who knew didn't tell those who didn't.

According to Clinton biographers Charles F. Allen and Jonathan Portis in *The Comeback Kid*, stories of Clinton's womanizing date back to the period when he was rejected by the voters in 1980 in his bid for a second term. "Clinton, seeing his political future vanish overnight, became careless about his actions," they wrote.

> He had achieved so much so fast. Now it was gone. Rumors began filtering into the newsrooms and throughout the state offices that Clinton was having an affair with another woman. Such rumors about politicians are commonplace, but this one

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had a persistence about it. Because Clinton was no longer in the public light, the reporters and editors decided to ignore the talk.

As the troopers described the situation, the scale of Clinton's extramarital activities only increased after he won election to a second term in 1982. When Perry returned to security duty at the mansion in the late 1980s, other troopers regaled him with tales of Clinton's affairs in the 1982-to-1987 period. During the last five years of Clinton's governorship, while Patterson worked at the residence, he said he gained first-hand knowledge that Clinton was involved with a group of Little Rock women—regular mistresses or girlfriends—numbering about a half-dozen. The names of the mistresses with whom Patterson was familiar, some of whom are married and have children, are known to me, but will not be revealed here, so as not to exploit them more than Clinton already has, or to punish innocent family members. Each of the names given me by Patterson was corroborated by Perry—who has knowledge of them dating back to 1989—and the other two troopers with whom I met. I located each of the women by telephone, but each either denied involvement or would offer no comment.

According to Patterson, the long-term mistresses since 1987, in addition to Gennifer Flowers, included a staffer in Clinton's office; an Arkansas lawyer Clinton appointed to a judgeship; the wife of a prominent judge; a local reporter; an employee at Arkansas Power and Light, a state-regulated public utility; and a cosmetics sales clerk at a Little Rock department store. They ranged in age from their early 30s to their early 40s. According to both Patterson and Perry, throughout the period of their employment at the governor's residence, Clinton visited one of these women, either in the early morning or the late evening, or one of them came to the residence to see him, at least two or three times a week.

Clinton also had a series of brief affairs and one-time encounters from 1987 through early 1993 of which the troopers had direct knowledge. He often met women at social functions in Little Rock or on the road. Sometimes he would even use troopers as intermediaries, sending them off with messages and outright propositions to women to retire to back rooms, hotel rooms, or offices with him.

One of the troopers told the story of how Clinton had eyed a woman at a reception at the Excelsior Hotel in downtown Little Rock. According to the trooper, who told the story to both Patterson and Perry as well, Clinton asked him to approach the woman, whom the trooper remembered only as Paula, tell her how attractive the governor thought she was, and take her to a room in the hotel where Clinton would be waiting. As the troopers explained it, the standard procedure in a case like this was for one of them to inform the hotel that the governor needed a room for a short time because he was expecting an important call from the White House. (Not a terribly plausible story during the Reagan and Bush years, but it seemed to work like a charm with hotel clerks in Arkansas.) On this particular evening, after her encounter with Clinton, which lasted no more than an hour as the trooper stood by in the hall, the trooper said Paula told him she was available to be Clinton's regular girlfriend if he so desired.

Patterson—tall and trim, with the upright demeanor and closely cropped hair of a military officer—recalled another example he witnessed late in the evening on the night after Clinton's disastrous speech to the 1988 Democratic convention. "Norman Lear gave us a suite of offices in a building next to the CNN building where the governor and his staff were working. Sandy Berger [a longtime Clinton adviser and now deputy national security adviser] had flown in to write the speech. The day after, Clinton spent the day 'spinning' the press. Well, that night, when we finished, we went back to the offices around midnight and a young lady of about 30 or 32, [name withheld], who the governor had just met at the convention, was there to meet us. He took her back in a private office, closed the door, and stayed in there for an hour or so while I waited to take him back to the Marriott where he and Hillary were staying."

According to the troopers, Clinton often visited his regular Little Rock girlfriends in the early morning, during what were ostensibly long jogs. "He would jog out of the mansion grounds very early most mornings and then we would go pick up him at a McDonald's at 7th Street and Broadway," Patterson said. "When we picked him up, half the time he would be covered in sweat and the other half of the time there wouldn't be a drop of sweat on him, even in the middle of July in Little Rock. Sometimes I'd ask him, 'How far did you run today governor?' And he would say, 'Five miles.' I'd tell him there must be something wrong with his sweat glands because he didn't have a drop of sweat on him. He'd say, 'I can't fool you guys, can I?' "

As the troopers recounted events, several times a month in the late evening, Clinton would leave the residence in a state car borrowed from one of the troopers, because the governor's Lincoln was easily recognizable on the streets of Little Rock. "We were told to keep our cars clean for this purpose," said Perry, who often lent Clinton his green Corsica. A few minutes after the lights clicked off in the first couple's bedroom, Clinton would get out of bed and "go out for a drive," leaving instructions at the guard house that if Hillary woke up, he was to be alerted on his cellular phone. On more than a dozen occasions since 1987, Patterson said he saw one of the troopers' cars parked outside one particular girlfriend's condominium as he drove home after being relieved from his shift at the mansion at midnight. The woman lived just a few doors from Patterson on Shadow Oaks in Sherwood, on the outskirts of Little Rock.

The troopers also drove Clinton from the capitol late in the evening to various women's homes and waited for hours for him to emerge. They became expert at parking unobtrusively, by backing into driveways and the like. Patterson recalled that the first time he parked in this manner outside the home of the Clinton staffer in 1987, where he sat from midnight until about 4:30 a.m. waiting on the governor, Clinton congratulated him on his stealthiness. "He told me it was our responsibility to cover his ass so he wouldn't get in trouble," Patterson said.

By all accounts, whenever Clinton returned to the resi-

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dence after one of these encounters, he went to the bathroom in the troopers' guard house, where he washed up before entering the main house.

During the day, when Hillary was in town but not at home and Clinton wanted privacy in the residence with a woman, the troopers said, they were instructed to buzz him on the intercom as soon as Hillary's car approached the front gate of the compound. When Hillary was out of town, the troopers remembered innumerable occasions when Bill wouldn't hesitate to seize the opportunity to entertain women at all hours of the day and night, clearing them through the gates for what the troopers said he called a "personal tour of the mansion."

After the presidential election, Bill instructed the troopers to clear women through the outer Secret Service blockade on the street by falsely identifying them as staff, or as cousins of the troopers. Shortly before the Clintons left Little Rock for Washington, Roger Perry said, one of the troopers (whom I also interviewed) told him that he had arranged for the AP&L employee to arrive at the governor's mansion at 5:15 a.m., dressed in a trench coat and a baseball cap at Clinton's instruction. The trooper told Perry he had told the Secret Service that she was "staff coming in very early." Clinton had arranged for the trooper to bring the woman through a basement door, which opened into a game room, where Clinton was waiting. The trooper said he was instructed to stand at the top of the stairs leading from the basement to the main floor of the residence and to alert Clinton if Hillary woke up, according to Perry.

Over time, as both Patterson and Perry described it, each mistress was assigned a particular trooper whose job it was to call her and find out when she could see Bill at her home, drive her to various events where Bill was appearing, and deliver gifts to her. "Three times after the [presidential] election I called [the judge's wife] to see if she was at home for the governor," Patterson said. They also said Clinton regularly slipped them cash to pay for gifts for the women they were told to pick up from Victoria's Secret in the Little Rock mall and other women's shops around town. "He told us to make sure they were kept in the trunk of the cars and never bring them into the house where Hillary might see them," Perry said. At Christmas 1992, the trooper whose request for autographed photos for his family Clinton had waved away was able to get his autographs only by insisting on a signature each time Clinton asked him to pick up and deliver a gift to a woman.

In everyone's estimation, Clinton built relationships with each of the long-time girlfriends and treated them well, though perhaps manipulating them to his own ends. He once told Roger Perry he was in love with one of them, though there is debate among the troopers as to which of the women he meant.

When speaking to the troopers about these liaisons, Clinton was usually quite circumspect, but on some occasions he inexplicably permitted himself to be caught *in flagrante delicto*. More than once, Larry Patterson said, he stood guard and witnessed the department store clerk performing oral sex on Bill in a parked car, including in the parking lot of Chelsea's elementary school, and on the grounds of the governor's mansion.

In one instance, in the fall of 1988 or 1989, as Patterson remembered it, he was driving Clinton to an annual reception for the Harrison County Chamber of Commerce in a hospitality suite at the Camelot Hotel in Little Rock. On the way, Clinton suggested a detour to Chelsea's school, Booker Elementary. When they arrived, Clinton told Patterson the sales clerk was sitting in her car, which was parked in the otherwise deserted front parking lot. "I parked across the entrance and stood outside the car looking around, about 120 feet from where they were parked in a lot that was pretty well lit. I could see Clinton get into the front seat and then the lady's head go into his lap. They stayed in the car for 30 or 40 minutes," Patterson said.

In a second instance, Patterson was on duty at the residence, again late in the evening, when the same woman drove up in a yellow and black Datsun or Nissan pick-up truck and asked to see Clinton. "The governor came out of the residence and climbed into the front seat of the truck, which she parked in an area off the rear drive," Patterson recalled. This time, Patterson said, with a gleam in his eye, he got an even clearer view of the sex act by aiming a remote-controlled camera with a swivel base mounted on a 30-foot pole in the back yard of the house right into the truck. The image was projected onto a 27-inch video screen in the guard house. "He was sitting on the passenger side and she was behind the wheel. I pointed the thing directly into the windshield, and watched on the screen as the governor [received oral sex]," Patterson said.

As this act was occurring, Chelsea's babysitter at the time, Melissa Jolley, drove into the compound. Realizing that she would usually drive right by the area where the

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pick-up was parked on her way to the guest house where she lived, Patterson quickly intercepted her, told her there was a security problem on the grounds, and then instructed her to drive by a different route, go in her house, and stay there. "When they were done Clinton came running over to me and asked, 'Did she see us? Did she see us?' I told him what I'd done and he said 'Atta boy,' " Patterson said.

On yet another occasion that Patterson described, the governor and his security detail arrived at the Little Rock airport and Clinton told his bodyguards that he was going to be driven back to the residence by the Arkansas lawyer, who had met the plane, so that she could show him her new Jaguar. "On the ride back he drove and she was nowhere to be seen in the car," Patterson said. "Later he told me that he had researched the subject in the Bible and oral sex isn't considered adultery."

Like many men, Clinton and the troopers shared locker room comments about women and sex. "When he was in a down mood, all you had to do was start talking about sex and he would come alive," said Perry. "I remember one time when I asked him to sign an autograph for a female friend, and he asked me, 'Does she have big titties?' "

"He told me there are two kinds of f---ing redheads," Patterson said. "Beautiful f---ing redheads and ugly f---ing redheads." About a local reporter (not the one with whom he was involved), Clinton told Patterson, "I bet she could give [good oral sex]." Complaining about the same woman, Clinton later said, "If you were a buddy you would f--- her and get her off my ass."

VII

Hillary apparently was aware of Bill's hanky-panky, at least in general terms. Patterson recalled one Sunday afternoon in the late 1980s when he heard Hillary complain to Bill in highly colorful language about their inadequate sex life. Listening to the audio monitor at the rear porch of the main house, Patterson said he sat in the guard house and heard Hillary tell Bill, during an argument in the kitchen, "I need to be f---ed more than twice a year." When Clinton spent an inordinate amount of time speaking with an attractive woman at a public event—apparently a common occurrence—several troopers said they have heard Hillary complain bitterly. "She would say, 'Come on Bill, put your dick up. You can't f--- her here,' " as Patterson remembered the unforgettable phrasing.

"Even though she knew what was going on, he would hide it because he didn't want the confrontation," Perry said. Bill did get caught every once in a while. Generally a heavy sleeper, Hillary once woke up in the middle of the night, flicked on the bedroom light, and called down to the guard house looking for Bill. "The sorry damn son of a bitch!" she exclaimed when told the governor had gone out for a drive. Perry grabbed the cellular phone, turning Clinton up at one of the women's homes, and told him to get back to the residence fast. "He started saying 'Oh god, god, god. What did you tell her?'" Perry recalled. When Clinton arrived soon after, Hillary was waiting in the kitchen, where, not unexpectedly, a wild screaming match ensued. When Perry entered the kitchen after the dust had settled, the room was a wreck, with a cabinet door kicked off its hinges.

Another fight ensued on the Clintons' final day in Little Rock, according to Patterson. Clinton asked him to bring one of his women friends to the send-off ceremony at the Little Rock airport before he departed for Washington. "When I got there with [the judge's wife], Hillary turned to me and said, 'What the f--- do you think you're doing? I know who that whore is. I know what she's doing here. Get her out of here.' Clinton was standing right there. I looked at him and he just shrugged his shoulders, so I took her out of there and dropped her at the Holiday Inn Center City."

The troopers speculated that Hillary tolerated this behavior much as eighteenth-century aristocrats maintained marriages of convenience to suit the social and material needs of both parties. Hillary herself was intimately involved with the late Vincent Foster, a partner at the Rose Law Firm and later deputy White House counsel. Foster killed himself in July under circumstances that remain murky. "It was common knowledge around the mansion that Hillary and Vince were having an affair," said Larry Patterson, though he conceded that the evidence for this is more circumstantial than his first-hand knowledge of Clinton's behavior.

According to all of the troopers, whenever Clinton left town, no sooner would he be out of the mansion gates than Foster would appear, often staying in the residence with Hillary into the wee hours of the morning. One of the off-the-record troopers drove Hillary and Foster to a mountain cabin in Heber Springs, maintained by the Rose firm as an out-of-town retreat for its lawyers, where the two spent significant amounts of time alone. Patterson and Perry were both aware of this at the time. On several chance occasions—at the Heber Springs retreat, and once stopped at a traffic light in Little Rock—troopers said they observed Foster and Hillary embracing and open-mouth kissing.

Patterson once saw the two in a compromising position at a birthday party for Hillary held at the Little Rock French restaurant Alouette's. Bill also attended. While seated at the restaurant's bar, outside the dining room, Patterson said he observed Hillary and another woman from the Rose firm, Carolyn Huber, come out to the bar for a private chat. Soon thereafter, Foster emerged from the dining room on his way to the men's room. "He came up behind Hillary, and squeezed her rear end with both of his hands. Then he winked and gave me the 'OK' sign," Patterson said. "On the way back, Huber was turned away, and Vince put his hand over one of Hillary's breasts and made the same 'OK' sign to me. And she just stood there cooing, 'Oh Vince. Oh Vince.' " Huber, now an assistant to the president, said she never attended such a party.

VIII

The only person Bill Clinton has specifically denied having an affair with is Gennifer Flowers, yet all of the troopers agreed that Clinton and Flowers were roman-

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tically involved for several years.[5] They said Flowers called the mansion regularly, asking to speak with "Bill." As the troopers described the routine, when Hillary was not at home, Clinton generally took the calls. When she was, Clinton always instructed a trooper to tell Flowers that he would call her back. Soon thereafter, Clinton would trundle down to the troopers' guard house and retreat to a private back room, where he would then get on the telephone—a line that Hillary could not pick up from inside the mansion. This is how he regularly handled personal calls from women.

Patterson said he often drove Clinton to the Quapaw Towers in Little Rock, where Flowers lived, late in the evening, waiting in the parking lot for as long as two hours for Clinton's return. "Every place we ever went, even a private party, we would go in with him, except a woman's house," Patterson said. Perhaps because his relationship with Flowers began long before he began to acknowledge his behavior to the troopers, Clinton had a story to cover his tracks. Clinton told Patterson that he was visiting Maurice Smith, director of the state highway department, who lived in the same building, but Patterson believes that if this were true he would have gone into the building with Clinton, as was usual with business meetings.[6]

Yet despite this cover story, Clinton evidently couldn't resist bragging about his sexual exploits. On one occasion, Perry recalled, Clinton said that Gennifer Flowers "could suck a tennis ball through a garden hose."

According to Patterson and Perry, in the late spring of 1991, as Clinton was seriously considering making a presidential run, Flowers began calling him incessantly, sometimes four or five times a week. Shortly after this spate of calls, Flowers got a job as an administrative assistant for the Arkansas Board of Review's appeal tribunal, which hears unemployment cases. According to published news accounts, Flowers first asked Clinton about obtaining a state job in September 1990, and Clinton turned the request over to his special assistant Judy Gaddy. After applying for one position and being turned down, Flowers complained in a letter to Clinton the following January and mentioned allegations linking the two romantically. Shortly thereafter, Judy Gaddy inquired about a job opening at the Board of Review for Flowers. Flowers applied. Bill Gaddy, Judy's husband and another Clinton appointee, is the director of the state's Employment Security Division, which oversees the review board. According to a state committee which later investigated the matter, with Gaddy's approval, Don K. Barnes, the chairman of the review board who hired Flowers, improperly waived certain hiring procedures, and Flowers got the job. Barnes later said that Gaddy had recommended Flowers for the job, but Gaddy has denied this. Flowers told the *Star* that Clinton "pulled strings" to secure the job for her, which Clinton has denied. Patterson, however, corroborated Flowers's allegation. "I remember I was driving the car when Clinton got on the phone and discussed that particular job with Bill Gaddy. There is no doubt in my mind that he was asking Gaddy to give it to Gennifer," Patterson said. Gaddy denied ever having a telephone conversation with Clinton about Flowers. (Flowers lost the job for failing to show up for work three days in a row, shortly after coming forward with her story in the *Star*. She is currently circulating a book proposal in New York.)

Even before the Flowers story broke, Clinton was aware that the issue of his womanizing would plague him in a presidential campaign. "He was walking along one day in 1991 with Bruce Lindsey [now a senior White House aide] and he said, 'If I make the race, I'm going to keep Larry around to deal with all the women,' " Patterson said. ("That never happened," Lindsey said.) According to Perry, Clinton told him in 1990 that he was considering not running for re-election in Arkansas because he feared his history of womanizing would be exposed. As it happened, during that year's campaign, a disgruntled former state employee named Larry Nichols filed a lawsuit linking Clinton to five named women and making the unsubstantiated charge that he had been fired as part of an attempted cover-up involving a secret fund used to facilitate Clinton's trysts. The suit was reported in Arkansas, but neither the precise nature of the allegations nor the women's names were mentioned.

In 1992, the task of "dealing with the women" was ultimately assigned to Buddy Young, the supervisory trooper in governor's security, the troopers said. "Buddy Young specifically told me that he was trying to keep a lid on the other women," Patterson said. "If one more came out, they knew Gennifer would be credible. He said they could weather the storm on one, but not two. He told me he went to Texas to talk to Elizabeth Ward [a former Miss America named in the Nichols suit]. He said that she had told him that she didn't need any money, but he said, 'If the money's right, I know she'll keep her mouth shut.' "[7] Young denied this. "I've never spoken to Elizabeth Ward," he said. Ward could not be reached for comment.

According to Perry, about six weeks before the *Star* inter-

[5] It could be argued that Clinton did not categorically deny any romantic involvement with Flowers. For example, in the Kroft interview, Clinton was asked about Flowers's allegation of a "12-year affair" and Clinton answered, "That allegation is false." This could leave open the possibility that the affair lasted less than twelve years.

[6] According to Flowers in a *Penthouse* interview in December 1992, Clinton often jogged over to her apartment from the nearby governor's mansion, "arriving sweaty but eager." On other occasions, Flowers said, Clinton's driver sat in the car in the complex driveway and waited for two hours or so. In an interview with me, Flowers said she knew Larry Patterson and also knew that Clinton's drivers waited for him in the parking lot. During the initial visits, Clinton entered the building through the lobby and was seen getting off the elevator at the second floor, where Flowers lived. Rumors soon circulated through the building. Thereafter, Flowers said, she waited on her balcony until she saw the governor's Lincoln pull in and then went to the first floor to prop open a fire exit door with a newspaper so Clinton could enter the building undetected.

[7] When Ward appeared in the May 1992 issue of *Playboy*, which did not mention the alleged affair, the Clinton campaign quickly circulated a written statement from Ward in which she denied any romantic involvement with Clinton.

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view was published, Flowers again began calling the residence day and night asking to speak with Bill. Word around the guard house was that Flowers might be trying to blackmail Clinton by threatening to expose their affair. "She was constantly calling, sometimes several times a day. And we were aware that she was up to something. We were told that she might be trying to tape the calls with Clinton, so I called her Gennifer Fowler so it would look like I didn't know who she was." Here is an excerpt from a transcript of the Flowers tapes:

PERRY: Governor's mansion, Roger Perry.
FLOWERS: Is Bill Clinton in please?
PERRY: Ma'am, he's with some people right now. May I ask who's calling?
FLOWERS: This is Gennifer Flowers, I'm returning his call.
PERRY: Gennifer Fowler?
FLOWERS: Flowers.
PERRY: OK. Hang on just a second. . . .

After the story broke, the damage-controllers went into high gear. Pursuing the story further, reporters began filing requests for various state records, including personnel files and phone records. Up to the time the *Star* story appeared, the troopers said they kept two logs at the guard house. One was a gate log, produced on a typewriter, noting all vehicles coming into or out of the mansion gates. A second record was a standard telephone message log, with one copy of any telephone message going to Bill or Hillary and one copy retained in the log book.

Patterson said he was told by Buddy Young that Hillary Clinton ordered that the gate log no longer be maintained. And a new procedure was instituted for handling the phone log. Previously, old log books were stored in a maintenance house on the property after they were filled. Post-Flowers, the troopers said, they were told to bring the message log book directly to Buddy Young, who disposed of it. It was Patterson's understanding that the old logs from the maintenance house—records kept by state employees—were destroyed on Hillary's orders.

In another instance in the spring of 1992, aides to Clinton pored over telephone records for evidence of personal calls to women, Patterson said. "I was told by Buddy Young that there were several calls made by the governor on his cellular phone to a number in Sherwood, Arkansas, that belonged to [the Clinton girlfriend who lived near Patterson]. At the time, the media was covering the Flowers story. I was told that if the records were made public Betsey Wright had told Buddy that I was going to have to take responsibility for making the calls to protect the governor and he asked me to write a check to pay for them." In what Patterson believes was seen as an act of disloyalty by the Clinton clique, he refused to do so.

Young flatly denied this story. Wright, now a Washington lobbyist, said Patterson's account was "absurd." When she was the governor's chief of staff, Wright did regularly review all telephone records and ask people to pay for their personal calls, she said. "But I would never have asked someone to pay for calls that were not their own. Poor Larry has all of that screwed up." When I asked Wright if she knew this particular Sherwood woman, she said, "It is not an unfamiliar name, but one of the wonderful things about a place like Little Rock is that you get to know everyone."

Throughout the tense period, Young constantly warned the troopers, "If you're smart, you won't talk to the press," the same warning they said he delivered a year later as they prepared to go public with this story.

Clinton, meanwhile, was by turns angry and very worried. From the back of his Lincoln he would say, "What does that whore think she's doing to me?" He also referred to Flowers as a "f---ing slut," according to Patterson. On the Flowers tapes, after telling Flowers "if they ever hit you with it just say 'no' and go on," Clinton had said he would be free and clear on the womanizing issue so long as "they don't have pictures." In a conversation in the kitchen of the governor's mansion after Flowers went public, Clinton asked one of the troopers for advice on how to handle the situation. Clinton said that without photos, nothing could be proved. "I told him, 'Then lie your ass off,'" the trooper said, and Clinton apparently did. ❐

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David Andrew Price

Oh, Donna!

Evidence is emerging that the Secretary of Health and Human Services lied about allegations of science fraud and stolen research during her tenure as chancellor of the University of Wisconsin.

At the eleventh hour of the 1992 presidential campaign, Independent Counsel Lawrence Walsh obtained an indictment against Caspar Weinberger for making false statements to Congress on the Iran-contra affair. The indictment, although later dismissed, was the ideal means for the Democrats to beat back Republican attacks on Clinton's character, and the Clinton camp exploited the charge relentlessly.

Now it is clear that a Clinton cabinet secretary—Health and Human Services secretary Donna Shalala—committed the same offense. To be exact, during her Senate confirmation hearings, Shalala lied about her actions in thwarting a federal investigation of scientific misconduct at the University of Wisconsin at Madison, where she served as chancellor before joining the Clinton administration. In addition, she may have deceived the Senate as to her role in a possible whitewash of the misconduct charges, which threatened to deprive the university of millions annually in revenues from patents and grants.

Senate Republicans Trent Lott, Charles Grassley, and William Cohen have investigations into the Madison affair underway. So far, HHS has refused to cooperate.

David Andrew Price is a writer living in Washington, D.C.

Shalala's role in the story began in January of 1988, just as she was starting her chancellorship. Howard Rasmussen, a Yale biochemistry professor and a former member of the Madison faculty, wrote Shalala to call her attention to the case of professor Hector DeLuca, a Madison biochemist. Circumstantial evidence suggested that DeLuca and his team had pirated the work of a rival research team and obtained lucrative patents based on falsified experimental results. The evidence also suggested that DeLuca had obtained pharmaceuticals manufactured only for use in animals, sent them to doctors for testing in humans, and lied to the doctors and the FDA about where the material came from.

The situation that Rasmussen described had grown out of a race among research teams to discover and synthesize certain chemical derivatives of vitamin D. DeLuca and his colleagues had determined in the mid-1960s that the human body converted vitamin D into other substances. If those substances could be synthesized, they were expected to have important, and lucrative, uses in the treatment of osteoporosis and other conditions.

In 1973, DeLuca claimed that his research group had discovered a process for making a vitamin D derivative called 1-alpha-HCC. The Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation (WARF) obtained a patent on this breakthrough process and

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on 1-alpha-HCC itself. WARF paid most of the revenues from the patent to DeLuca's department and to the university; WARF also distributed a share to DeLuca and those who worked with him. WARF would eventually receive more than $25 million in royalties on the patent during the 1980s.

Madison's troubles began when another group of researchers sued WARF in 1985 for the invalidation of the DeLuca patent on the ground that it had been obtained fraudulently. The other research team, led by Sir Derek Barton, a Nobel laureate from Britain, and Robert Hesse, an American, contended that the Madison group had actually never succeeded in producing 1-alpha-HCC with the patented process. DeLuca's Madison group did produce 1-alpha-HCC, but with a different method; by coincidence or otherwise, they first used it at roughly the same time that DeLuca received a manuscript from a journal for peer review—a manuscript in which the Barton-Hesse team presented a similar process.

WARF and the Barton-Hesse group ultimately settled out of court for an undisclosed sum, but further evidence of misconduct by the Madison team emerged during the litigation, including evidence that DeLuca had knowingly sent inadequately tested 1-alpha-HCC material to clinical investigators for human trials. Although DeLuca told the Food and Drug Administration of his intention to supply clinicians with 1-alpha-HCC that his group would synthesize and test at Madison, lab records showed that DeLuca sent investigators across the country 1-alpha-HCC produced by Upjohn Laboratories—made for *animal* studies and marked "Not for human use." As DeLuca intended, the investigators provided the material to human patients. There was no evidence that DeLuca's group ever tested any of the material that it sent out.

Shalala lied about her actions in thwarting a federal investigation of scientific misconduct at the University of Wisconsin at Madison, where she served as chancellor before joining the Clinton administration.

This, then, was the situation when Donna Shalala became Madison's chancellor in 1988. The charges jeopardized not only the reputation of the department, a longtime leader in vitamin D research, but also DeLuca's eligibility for federal grants, which brought in hundreds of thousands of dollars annually, and a portion of which went directly to the university. Finally, the charges threatened WARF's worldwide patents on 1-alpha-HCC, still worth millions a year.

In mid-April, the university convened a panel of outside scientists to examine the charges. The three panel members (professors of biochemistry, chemistry, and medicine at other schools) took their assignment seriously—too seriously, in fact: The panel concluded that DeLuca had misused information in the Barton-Hesse manuscript and had improperly taken credit for the process. The university leadership rejected the panel's initial report, and told the panel it was authorized only to recommend further investigation or to dismiss the charges.

Accordingly, the panel's final report of November 1988 merely recommended further investigation of the two charges on which it had previously found misconduct. The report also stated that "the Committee cannot exclude the possibility that some 1-alpha-HCC synthesized by Upjohn was also sent to clinical investigators for use in humans," and that a lack of records left the panel unable to determine "whether there was any deliberate serious violation of protocol."

In announcing the report, Shalala's vice chancellor for academic affairs, Bernard Cohen, claimed that the reason the panel merely recommended further investigation, instead of reaching a judgment itself, was that it was "unable to resolve" the charges. Cohen said that to complete the investigation, as federal law required, the university would appoint another panel.

In 1989, the university assembled a second panel, consisting of a federal judge on senior status, John Reynolds; a member of the Madison faculty, Professor Emeritus David Berman; and two outside scientists, Robert Hill of the Duke biochemistry department and John Wiseman of the University of Michigan chemistry department. The allegations against the researchers were presented by a local attorney hired by Madison. The panel heard no testimony from six of the seven disinterested scientists (one of them Howard Rasmussen) who had served as witnesses against DeLuca in the patent litigation, nor did the panel receive the affidavits they had submitted in the litigation. In November, the second panel unanimously found the researchers innocent of all charges.

This striking turnabout piqued the interest of the Office of Scientific Integrity, the NIH office responsible for investigating misconduct in federally funded research. In particular, OSI wanted to follow up on a crucial question of the case—the authenticity of the notebook entry for the January 29, 1973 experiment—using forensic tests that could establish when the entry had been written.

DeLuca's defense was based largely on that notebook entry, which showed a diagram for the disputed process. If it was authentic, then his group had used the process before receiving the manuscript. But the written notes on the page were arguably inconsistent with the diagram. Also, it was peculiar that the DeLuca team never used the process on any subsequent occasion until receiving the Barton-Hesse manuscript three weeks later. Stranger still, the diagram was

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missing from the carbon copy of the entry. The technician who wrote the notebook had testified that he moved a piece of carbon paper through his notebook as he progressed from page to page, thus recording all his notes in duplicate. Evidently, someone had turned back to that page on a later date and written in the diagram without remembering to move the carbon paper.

Hence, Clyde Watkins of OSI wrote Shalala on April 17, 1990, to request the notebook. On May 7, 1990, in a scathing reply, Shalala all but told OSI to drop dead. Because the second panel had accepted the researchers' testimony as to when they had received the manuscript, and had accepted the technician's testimony as to his intentions in drawing the diagram, Shalala said she considered the original notebook irrelevant and refused to turn it over. "In our society," she wrote, "the duty and responsibility to determine credibility is with the initial fact-finder, not with those who later dissect the written record for their own purposes."

The deputy director of OSI, Suzanne Hadley, continued to press Shalala and vice chancellor Melany Newby for access to the notebook. Over the next three months, OSI and Madison played an epistolary cat-and-mouse game over the terms of access to the notebook. Virtually all of the communications from Madison to OSI during this period were either sent by Shalala herself or were sent by Newby with a cc to Shalala.

Finally, in August, the university told OSI it would comply if one of its representatives could accompany the document at all times; also, OSI's access would be for inspection only—not forensic analysis, which the university said was "for further discussion." OSI replied that it regarded the negotiations as futile; it gave up on trying to analyze the notebook and closed the case without either accepting or rejecting the panel's findings.

Shalala's role in the DeLuca case came to light shortly after President-elect Clinton named her as his choice to run HHS. The episode was a legitimate, and indeed highly relevant, subject for her confirmation hearings: If confirmed, Shalala would not only be responsible for the largest budget of any Cabinet agency, but would also have jurisdiction over NIH, including its investigations of science fraud.

Shalala appeared on January 14 before the Finance Committee and on the 15th before the Labor and Human Resources Committee. On her second day of hearings, in response to a slow-pitch question from Senator Kennedy, she maintained that "we handled [the DeLuca case] very rigorously." Senator Kassebaum then questioned her more closely about the charges of a cover-up. Regarding the first review panel, Shalala explained that it was supposed to do no more than "identify areas for further investigation." As for her refusal to turn over the notebook, Shalala explained that "there was never any attempt on our part not to make the documents available, but we felt very strongly that if they were going to be original documents, we would simply send someone along." In fact, she had at first flatly refused to provide the notebook at all, and continued for the duration of the case to deflect all efforts by OSI to obtain the notebook for analysis.

Nor, incidentally, is this the first time Shalala has been said to have prevaricated during her confirmation hearings. Shalala told the Finance Committee that the Children's Defense Fund, under her chairmanship, had backed the 1988 Family Support Act, a welfare reform measure. Senator Moynihan, a committee member and a proponent of the act, interrupted her and quoted CDF testimony opposing it. When Moynihan later described the incident, he said acidly, "She tried to lie to me. I had to cut her off and set the record straight."

The more recent Senate inquiries into the DeLuca matter were triggered by an unusual personnel action at NIH. On April 9, only weeks after Shalala's confirmation, two NIH scientists who had accused DeLuca of misconduct and who had criticized Madison's handling of the case were suddenly ordered to discontinue their research on science fraud and were reassigned to other duties. (Under civil-service laws, they cannot be fired outright.) The two scientists, Walter Stewart and Ned Feder, had received excellent performance ratings up to then. The two were also forbidden, while on official time, from discussing their government-sponsored work of the past ten years. The agency impounded their files of correspondence and data on fifteen misconduct cases—including the Madison affair.

The episode came to the attention of Senator Lott, who wrote Shalala on June 23 to demand that she turn over information and documents about her involvement in the reassignment decision, her involvement in the handling of the DeLuca case when she was at Madison, and the whereabouts of the confiscated files. The general counsel's office of the agency has refused to comply, except to confirm that the files are still locked away. The agency insists that no internal documents on the reassignment even exist, an explanation that moved a Lott staffer to remark, "This is the first bureaucracy I've encountered that doesn't keep any paper."

Senators Grassley and Cohen have arranged for the DeLuca case and the reassignment to be examined by the Comptroller General's Office of Special Investigations, which handles inquiries into possible criminal misconduct. Grassley and Cohen have also been seeking answers directly from HHS, but with little success. A Grassley staffer reports, "Their cooperation has been very limited, and in terms of essential documents we've requested, we've gotten next to nothing." HHS has given the senators conflicting explanations of who was responsible for the reassignment and when Shalala knew of it.

Shalala, of course, now directs the entire federal medical establishment, and the enactment of Clinton's health plan would expand her authority even further. After she finishes that job, she has the right under a special arrangement to return as a tenured professor to Madison. ❐

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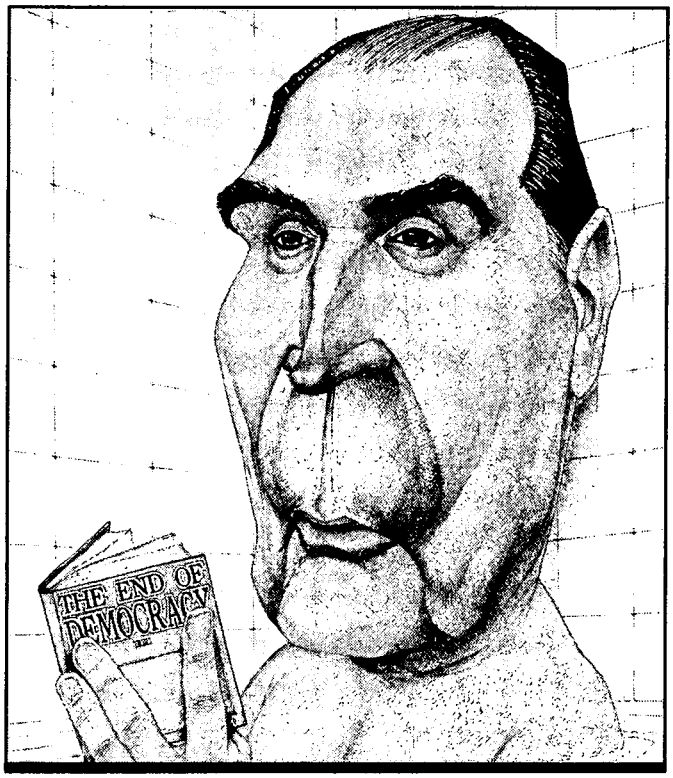
David Brooks

Never for GATT

Worried that free trade is making their indolent lifestyle less viable, the French are blaming sinister conspiracies and putting quotas on American movies.



It is interesting to watch an entire nation have a nervous breakdown. France's magazines were the first to pick up on their nation's ongoing crack-up. One ran a cover with a grainy black-and-white photograph of a woman crying and the headline "Anguish." Then the best-seller list took on a depressive cast. Books with titles such as *The End of Democracy* began appearing on the list with *The Trap*, James Goldsmith's meditation on the way American-style free trade will lead to a new era of barbarism. Currently, everyone is talking about Alain Minc's *The New Middle Ages*. Minc predicts that a new dark age is descending on the globe, replete with tribalism, economic savagery and superstition. It's impossible to turn on French TV without seeing some actor or politician declaring that civilization is on the verge of annihilation.

It's all the more interesting to watch this breakdown because we are the cause. America is driving France crazy.

Only France is chauvinistic enough to see itself as a cultural rival to the United States. Whatever resentment that may have caused during the Cold War, French elites could at least understand the U.S. as a conventional military empire. But now, during the Second American Empire—the post-Cold War one—America's politicians no longer lead the way, and institutions such as NATO wither. It is American economic culture, rock music, evangelical Protestantism, radical feminism, political correctness, populism, and media dominance that now spread through Europe. The influence of these things is all the more pervasive for being unguided and unintended.

But many French leaders, as rationalists who believe in centrally orchestrated power, cannot accept at all that American dominance is inadvertent. If French conspiracies are being defeated, these people reason, then some greater conspiracy must be doing it. When the Maastricht treaty first ran into trouble, many French officials whispered darkly about a plot hatched in the U.S. State Department to cripple Europe. When the European Monetary System broke down, French Prime Minister Edouard Balladur and EC President Jacques Delors openly blamed an "Anglo-Saxon plot." These people suffer from what could be called paranoiaphilia—they love the idea that someone is out to get them.

For the past six months, France has been in a state of semi-hysteria over the latest GATT round. Most Americans are only dimly aware of what GATT is, though according to the French government it is an American plot to dominate the globe. In reality, GATT—the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade—is a Geneva-based body that sponsors

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free-trade negotiations. The current round of negotiations has been going on for seven years, and must culminate (according to a U.S. congressional deadline) by December 15, 1993. If it is successful, trade barriers on everything ranging from services to corn will be reduced, and the resulting increase of trade will add $270 billion to world GDP, according to one study. Through the past year, France has been the main obstacle to an agreement, because of its unwillingness to cut farm subsidies and because it does not want its citizens watching more American movies and TV shows than they already do.

One day a BBC analyst counted twenty-seven editorials in the French national press about GATT, and the day after there were eighteen. It is not *Paris-Match* and the other popular press organs that have gone ballistic over GATT; anti-American saber-rattling is the province of the elite journals. The newspaper *Libération* printed the entire legalistic text of the Blair House accord, the subagreement between the U.S. and the EC on agriculture, which France now wants to veto—and people read it.

Nor does the hysteria have much to do with economics. It's a matter of national identity. For example, the allegedly free-market Nobel Prize–winning economist Maurice Allais has contributed several long tirades against GATT, calling it an "intolerable American diktat" designed to ensure America's "domination of the world economy by manipulating the dollar." The usually sober *Le Monde* calls GATT "the conspiracy of international finance," and runs such tabloid-style headlines as "GATT Must Die." François Mitterrand recently encapsulated the French view on GATT in a speech to the francophone summit in Mauritius: "Who can be blind today to the threat of a world gradually invaded by an identical culture, Anglo-Saxon culture, under the cover of economic liberalism?"

Open a November issue of *Le Monde Diplomatique*, an even more elite publication than the newspaper. There is a full-page essay entitled "An Instrument of American Hegemony" which begins, "Led by unprecedented political and media pressure, orchestrated by the United States and its lackeys, the negotiators of GATT . . ." Another essay is entitled "GATT Against Culture: A Danger for Civilization," and yet another, "GATT Against Europe: The Ordeal of a Commercial War." In the same issue, another conspiracy is detected, that of the Nobel economics prize (funded by the Swedish Central Bank, *Le Monde* observes darkly), which keeps being awarded to economists from the University of Chicago. "For M. Becker, children are like 'consumer durable goods,'" is how *Le Monde* caricatures the distinguished work of Gary Becker.

The most striking aspect of the GATT frenzy is the way French critics have linked GATT to the United States. In this, they are both wrong and right. They are foolish when they use words such as "orchestrated" and "conspiracy" to suggest some planned effort to establish American hegemony. But they are right to link GATT to American economic culture and American popular culture. Since World War II, the United States has been the prime sponsor of the peace and prosperity of the industrialized world. For forty years, the prevailing winds have favored free trade, and set the course for economic debates everywhere. But beyond its efficiencies as an economic tool, free trade carries cultural baggage, the content of which becomes more clear when seen from the vantage point of a society such as France, which doesn't necessarily accept it.

Free trade enshrines the principle of competition. It says that anybody from any background deserves to succeed if he can perform an economic task better than other people, regardless of whether he is virtuous or wise. It fosters a social system that is fluid enough to allow winners to rise rapidly and losers to fall. Moreover, competition puts pressure on workers, because they are constantly challenged to work as well as the best person in their field. In a global free-trade regime, one must strive to be the best in the world.

Most Americans are only dimly aware of what GATT is, though according to the French government it is an American plot to dominate the globe.

Free trade is a fitting doctrine for a nation of immigrants, such as the United States. Throughout American history, immigrants have believed in movement, across the ocean in search of opportunity and then up the social ladder in search of respectability. Immigrant groups in America have been characterized by their willingness to work hard, and by their unabashed ambition. Immigration in America has led to dynamism and social change, so that the children of immigrants are often ashamed of their parents' homely manners. It has also led to vulgarity, and an emphasis on material success, as immigrants try to gauge their social progress through objective measures, namely money.

If you ask a European to describe his stereotype of an American, the word "competitive" will be used early, whether the rest of the stereotype is positive or negative. And like some stereotypes, this one has a basis in truth. The American version of a health club features people sweating all over the StairMaster; the European version features people lying naked in a tub of mud. Having lived in Europe for nearly four years now, I have grown weary of the showers vs. bath argument. Many Europeans believe that our unwillingness to soak in a bath for three hours in the evening is a sign of our inability to lie back and savor life.

Though Americans may feel that their nation has grown soft and over-regulated, it doesn't look that way from the European vantage point. Europeans are more likely than Americans to believe that work is there to

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make leisure affordable. The average American has twenty-three vacation days a year. The average Frenchman has thirty-five and the average German forty. Absenteeism in American companies averages 3 percent, while in France it is 8 percent, in Germany 9 percent, and in Sweden it was 12 percent until unemployment started rising.

A nation of immigrants produces economic policies that tend to favor consumers, in which there is serious competition between companies to produce low prices. European economies are more likely to favor producers, who want stability and a buffer against competition. In Belgium, for example, stores can only have sales during two periods of the year, in January and then again in the summertime. Price competition is further hampered across Europe by legal cartels (which cover over 70 percent of Swiss consumer goods, for example) and heavy regulations. The regulations are designed to provide security, but in addition, these policies mean that a bottle of Vidal Sassoon shampoo that costs $3.24 in New York costs about $5.00 in London, and a CD that costs $13 in New York costs upwards of $20.

The competitive, consumer-oriented culture emphasizes pleasing others. Europe's producer-oriented culture places less emphasis on service (even Disney has been unable to get its French employees to smile consistently). Stores in Germany must close in the evening and during most of the weekend so that employees won't have to work at these times. In high-powered New York law firms, attorneys are expected to answer all mail within 24 hours. In Europe, they generally get a week.

Many Europeans believe that our unwillingness to soak in a bath for three hours in the evening is a sign of our inability to lie back and savor life.

The French elites argue that their own style of capitalism makes for more humane and meaningful human relationships. And anybody who has tasted some of the beauties of French living can't immediately say they are wrong.

All we can say for certain is that this argument does not pass the market test. European politicians who tell their voters that they needn't have high growth rates because they will be compensated with more meaningful relationships do not win elections. And, of course, America isn't forcing its economic culture down French throats; the French line up to get into McDonald's just as quickly as anyone else. It is viewer demand for American TV shows that forced the French government to impose a quota so that no more than 50 percent of programming could originate outside the EC. American movies now account for 81 percent of all EC screenings, because of viewer demand.

The movie industry has become the hottest topic in the GATT debate, because of the way American movies dominate the marketplace, even though the French government pumps almost $400 million into its movie industry every year. French actors appear at press conference after press conference, declaring, in their more mellow moments, that Hollywood is replacing French civilization with cultural poison.

It's fitting that movies should play this central role in the GATT debate, because Hollywood is the ultimate immigrant industry. Hollywood is still hyper-competitive, money mad, and meritocratic to the extent of frenzy. It was founded by first-generation immigrants who produced stories that were more quintessentially American than any America had been able to produce before. Movies still have directors and stars from around the world, and yes, the French state-owned bank, Crédit Lyonnais, owns MGM. The French newspapers sometimes illustrate their anti-Hollywood articles with pictures from *Terminator*, without even noting that the man they are displaying is Austrian.

For France to hold off this restless, hard-working immigrant culture, it must try ever more extreme techniques, and so far, none have worked. France now has massive unemployment, 12 percent and rising, because its labor market is rigid and the welfare cushion is comfy. But rather than solve the problem by moving toward American-style flexibility and competitiveness, the French have opted for economic alchemy. The hottest reform idea at the moment is job-sharing. Workers would work only four days a week (albeit with some loss of pay), and companies would have to hire extra workers to pick up the slack. A job-sharing plan passed the French senate last October and as of this writing is under serious consideration in the assembly.

Anybody should be able to see that a nation doesn't solve its unemployment problem by having its most productive people work less, or by massively adding to every company's labor costs. The French have reached this point only because other alternatives to American-style flexibility have already failed. They tried huge corporate subsidies, but the French computer firm Groupe Bull is a basket case. They also tried gigantism, throwing different companies together so that their weight would rival other global giants. (Here they mistook cause for effect: companies aren't successful because they are big; they become big because they are successful.)

By the time you read this, France may have finally bowed to global pressure and accepted a GATT deal, but the French government will not have accepted the need to embrace competition and vulgar ambition, twin motors of the "creative destruction" that is the dynamic marketplace.

The French rock music industry, for example, is insipid

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and safe. The nation's leading star, Johnny Hallyday, is a 50-year-old Elvis Presley ripoff who lives and records in the United States. Rock music is about sexual repression and the poor boy's desire to become fabulously wealthy. France has precious little sexual repression, and the hunger for wealth is considered vulgar.

Nor have the massive subsidies to the arts produced an intellectual renaissance. In 1958 William Barrett wrote, "America, spiritually speaking, is still tied to European civilization, even though the political power lines now run the other way; and these European expressions simply point out the path that America itself will have eventually to tread; when it does it will know at last what the Europeans are talking about." A third of a century later, no American could write that sentence. The idea that American intellectuals have to follow the latest Parisian novels to be on the cutting edge is gone.

Of course there is much brilliant work being done in France, but it is nonetheless true to say that France, which used to be an idea-exporting country, is now an idea-importing country, and increasingly an intellectually protectionist country—although special mention should be made of the nation's young people, who are learning English in record numbers and who display much greater interest in the outside world.

Some people would argue that the world is worse off having America, not France, as its cultural dynamo. That's another topic. And France is to be admired for at least trying to chart its own course, rather than taking things passively, like other continental countries. But in a cultural and economic marketplace that is instantly global, all nations of the world must somehow adapt to America's cultural vibrations. France is only the extreme example.

At home, many Americans believe that American influence is waning. The reality is that the influence of American politicians is waning. Anybody who thinks that the influence of America is waning should visit Paris. ❐

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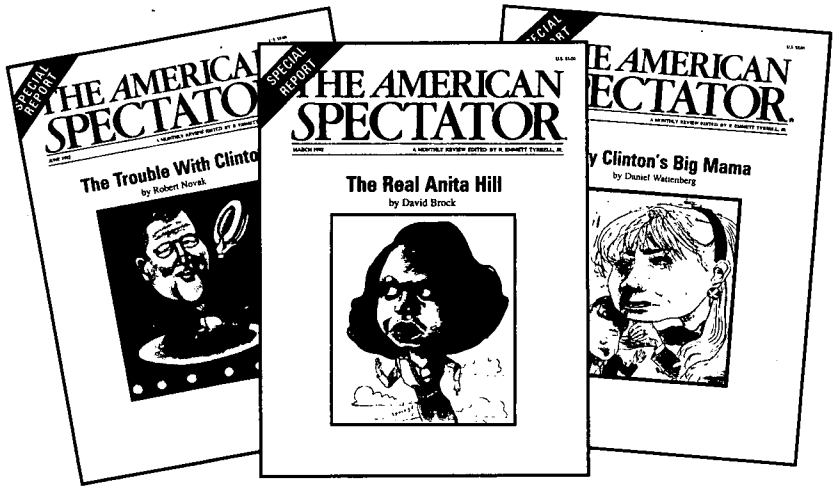

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Out You Go!

by John Corry

When Ed Koch ran against Mario Cuomo in the Democratic mayoral primary in New York in 1977, his sexual preference was a great hidden issue. In certain communities in the city—Orthodox Jewish in Brooklyn, for example, and Greek-American in Queens—it was thought he might be gay. David Garth, Koch's principal strategist, had staged a romance between his client and Bess Myerson, but still the rumors persisted. (Koch and the former Miss America even marched in the St. Patrick's Day parade holding hands and trying to look enamored.) Political issue or not, however, reporters hesitated to write about the rumors. Allegations about homosexuality were too delicate a matter, even if the mayoralty hung in the balance.

Eventually, though, a story in the *New York Times* noted that Cuomo campaign workers had chanted, "Vote for Cuomo, not the homo," while they drove sound trucks around Queens. The day after the story appeared, Koch spoke at a crowded news conference. He was not gay, he said, and even if he were, it was nobody's business. Koch was right, of course; it was nobody's business, but his supposed homosexuality had become a campaign issue, and the press was sure to mention it sooner or later. The only question was how. The *Times* story, I think, was appropriate. I hope so, because I wrote it.

The reluctance that reporters once felt about prying into anyone's sexual proclivities, whether real or imagined, now seems almost quaint. In the nineties the media have embraced sexual politics, and care less about whom they wound or embarrass. In the eighties, Jack Kemp was asked on NBC's "Today" if he had ever "committed a homosexual act." Shortly afterwards, Mike Wallace told Roy Cohn on CBS's "60 Minutes" that they had a mutual friend who thought Cohn wanted to "come out of the closet." That kind of inquiry is on its way to becoming routine. Catherine Crier recently asked Janet Reno on ABC's "20-20" if she was a lesbian. The attorney general said she was "just an awkward old maid with a very great affection for men," which was the same answer she had given *People* magazine.

Meanwhile, you may think of sexual politics and the death of privacy as always centering on the homo/hetero divide, but that would be short-sighted. A profile the *Times* ran a few years ago about the young woman in Palm Beach who said William Kennedy Smith had raped her became famous for its mindlessness. It identified the young woman by name, which even the tabloids did not do, and then besmirched her reputation. It quoted someone who said she had "a wild streak," and pointed out that she had a daughter born out of wedlock. It talked in fulsome detail about her parking tickets, health problems, and romantic life, and suggested that whatever it was Willie Smith did to her that night on the beach outside the Kennedy house, she probably had deserved it. The headline ought to have said: "Slut Gets Just Deserts."

To their credit, many *Times* staffers were appalled, and a number of them protested. Other newspapers also criticized the *Times*. Earlier that month, the *Times* had taken some of the dopier allegations in Kitty Kelley's biography of Nancy Reagan and splashed them on page one. The Palm Beach story was worse. It was cheesy, foul, and un-*Times*y. How could such a piece have appeared in the *Times*? The paper's executive editor and managing editor replied that their own consciousness had been raised by the controversy, and that whatever it was that had happened would never happen again. Nonetheless, neither could explain how the story got published. Possibly they themselves did not understand, although the national editor, who had shepherded the piece into the paper, might have explained it unintentionally. She said the people who found the story offensive were burdened by their own "baggage," and afflicted with "weird minds." She was standing inside the new parameters of journalism and looking at the world outside when she said it.

The official newsroom ethos, at the *Times* and other great media organizations, no longer recognizes gender. Men and women co-exist without distinction; their sensibilities are alike, and if they are not alike, they should be. The ideal is not equality but sameness. The Palm Beach story represented genderlessness run wild. No one would have been particularly angry if the *Times* had reported that Willie Smith was a lout and had a history of beating up women. (Indeed, the *Washington Post* would run a story that said just that.) So why, the reasoning must have gone, would anyone object to a story that said an alleged rape victim had an illegitimate child, personal problems, and so on? In the officially genderless newsroom, only people with weird minds would be upset.

Consider the ordeal of Bob Packwood. Changing rules on gender and sex leave the press confused. The Oregon senator's private life is being invaded just as the Palm Beach woman's was. Packwood has been accused of making unwanted advances to some

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John Corry is a former New York Times *reporter and media critic and the author of* My Times: Adventures in the News Trade, *to be published in January by Putnam.*

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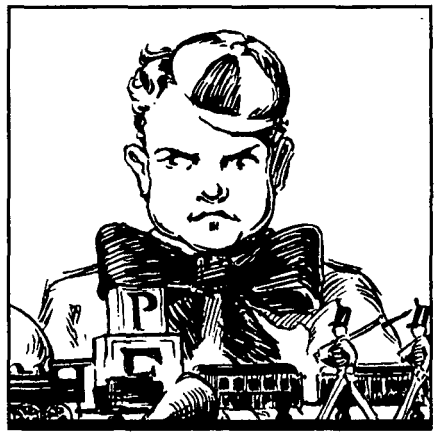
twenty women—or about one a year since he has been in Washington—and the Senate has voted, 94 to 6, to force him to hand over 3,000 pages of his personal diaries for use in its investigation. Senate staff members would rummage through Packwood's innermost thoughts, or, as he once described them, "the hopes and the dreams and the despairs of all of us."

Media reaction to this aspect of the Packwood story, however, has been muted, and occasionally jocular. The day after the Senate vote, Bryant Gumbel reported on "Today" that "the usual suspects lined up with Packwood—Alan Simpson, Jesse Helms, Arlen Specter, et cetera. Will they be hurt by a vote that Patty Murray tried to characterize as a with-us-or-agin-us women's rights vote?" The *New Republic* did say that "the vast intrusion that the Senate has endorsed should have every civil libertarian knee a-jerking," but the magazine was in the minority. The *Times*, which published two editorials denouncing Packwood, declared that "looking through diaries to find misbehavior may sound like an invasion of privacy, but that is only the senator's self-serving description." The *Times* thought that Packwood should do the decent thing and resign.

Imagine, though, if the Senate had voted to sequester the personal diaries of a woman—Barbara Boxer, say, or Barbara Mikulski—in a search for evidence of hanky-panky. (The Senate would never do this, of course, but forget that.) The press would have tantrums, and the *Times*'s editorials would be fierce. Anna Quindlen, Cokie Roberts, and Ellen Goodman's wrath would be unspeakable. Media feelings about privacy are shaped by political passions and not by old standards of discretion and decency. Think now of the practice of "outing." It is perverse and nasty, political persecution, but it is being given a moral and even artistic rationale.

PEN American Center, the American division of the international writers' association, for example, has formed a committee to "expose and oppose" the censorship of gay and lesbian writers. PEN is often on the wrong side of issues, but even though it may be careless about facts, it usually does not overturn logic. The politics of sexual disclosure, however, supersedes rational thinking. PEN says it wants "to challenge the way textbooks are putting gay and lesbian writers back in the closet." In fact, the writers are not being put back in the closet, and their works are not being censored. PEN is upset because schoolbooks in Texas that carry autobiographical sketches of writers such as Walt Whitman, Truman Capote, and Langston Hughes do not identify them as homosexual. Therefore, PEN feels, it must "out" them.

PEN's actions, obviously, are inspired by cultural politics and have nothing to do with literature. PEN is a harbinger of where the media winds are blowing. Before Ramon Cortines arrived in New York this fall to take up his new duties as schools chancellor, gay activists called news organizations there and told them he was a closeted homosexual. As school superintendent in San Francisco, he had dared modify the demands of gay groups for special programs for gay and lesbian students. Therefore, the activists decided to out him, and when Cortines held his



first news conference in New York, the matter arose almost immediately. "Some have raised the question as to whether you are gay and haven't disclosed it," a television reporter said. Actually, it was an accusation.

"I'm not going to be blackmailed," Cortines replied. "As it related to me personally, I've said previously that I'm not going to discuss that. And I won't discuss it now."

The quote appeared in New York newspapers and was heard on news broadcasts. The dignified Cortines wanted to protect his privacy, but the press was an accomplice to the outing. The campaign for gay rights insists that everyone come out of the closet. Personal feelings are incidental. As Torie Osborn, the former head of the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force, said in an op-ed piece in the *Times*: "For this once hidden minority, widespread visibility is the absolute condition for all progress."

Hence the growing legitimacy of outing—practiced now on both the quick and the dead, whether or not they deserve it. As noted in these pages recently, Patricia Schroeder, in letters to constituents and others, insists that Friedrich Wilhelm von Steuben, George Washington's inspector general, was gay. Meanwhile, a documentary about Alexander the Great on the Arts and Entertainment cable channel inserts a pointless reference to Alexander's "male companion." Addressing the crowd at the gay, lesbian, and bisexual rally in Washington last April, Congressman Gerry Studds referred to "gay senators," although he declined to name one. Larry Kramer of ACT-UP was not so discreet. In a tirade heard on C-Span, he identified a member of the Clinton cabinet as a lesbian.

The idea, apparently, is to swell the ranks, and, as Torie Osborn says, achieve widespread visibility. There is also, however, an element of wishful thinking. In *A Place at the Table*, Bruce Bawer, who is gay, and was once the film critic for this magazine, condemns outing as a cruel practice, but spoils it at the end with his whimsies. On the next to last page of his book, he describes an experience that he and his companion have "all the time":

> At first, seeing a young man walking toward us, arm in arm with his wife, one of them pushing a baby carriage or stroller or carrying an infant, we'll think we're looking at a nice ordinary happy little family. But then, just as the family is about to pass us by, the young husband's eyes will suddenly meet mine or Chris's in a fleeting, painful, haunted stare, and all at once we'll both realize that the picture is a lie, a forgery, and that this family's home is built on quicksand. As they move away from us, Chris and I, without exchanging a word, will look at each other pensively, ruefully, and shake our heads. There but for—what?—goes one or both of us.

Obviously, the young husband is gay, although possibly he doesn't quite know it. Whatever the case, he has been outed. ❐

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Chicken Koop

The following letters were exchanged between Gregg L. Cunningham of the Center for Bio-Ethical Reform and C. Everett Koop, former surgeon general of the United States, in the days following President Clinton's address to a joint session of Congress on national health care reform. Koop, seated next to Hillary Clinton for the president's speech, had endorsed the plan at a White House breakfast two days earlier, saying, "President Clinton has already accomplished more in health care reform than all of his living predecessors combined." —Ed.

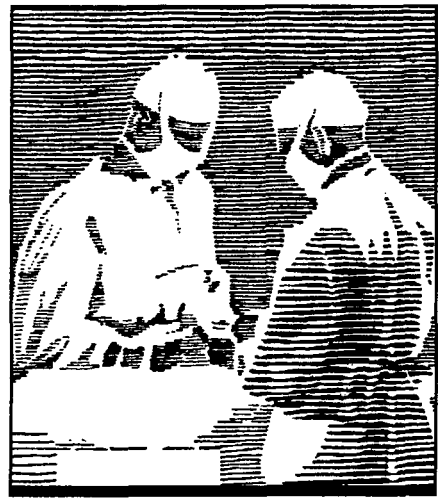
September 24, 1993

Dear Dr. Koop,

You and I first met in 1980 when you were Chief of Pediatric Surgery at Philadelphia Children's Hospital and I was a young state legislator seeking your counsel as I drafted what was later to become the Pennsylvania Abortion Control Act. As you may recall that law went on to be litigated in the United States Supreme Court case of *Thornburgh* v. *American College of Obstetrics and Gynecology*. I remain grateful for your invaluable assistance during that meeting and the subsequent telephonic consultations you generously granted during the early days of your tenure as Surgeon General of the United States. I fondly recall the heady optimism with which many pro-life elected officials looked forward to a public health chief as willing as we to imperil his incumbency in defense of unborn life. I intend no disrespect but would be remiss were I not to note the extremity of the gulf between our hopes and your priorities. It now appears, however, that Mrs. Clinton may have granted you an extraordinary opportunity to reverse the widely held impression that your opposition to abortion is more personal than political. I pray you will not squander it.

My purpose in writing is to express my confusion regarding what seems to have been your decision to unqualifiedly associate yourself with the Clinton health care plan and by implication its avowed intent to provide abortion coverage. In a recent call to your office I was informed by a member of your staff that your role would be advisory in nature with your primary function as that of moderator between the administration and the medical profession.

I am dismayed that you would not



have conditioned your willingness to facilitate development of this plan on President Clinton's willingness to abandon abortion coverage. I am even more disturbed that in no public statement of which I am aware have you condemned the abortion coverage provision or expressed any intention to seek its removal.

Whatever misgivings you may intend to express behind closed doors will be far less effective than your public expression of principled opposition. This is not an administration that responds as well to being shown the light as they do to being made to feel the heat.

Over the last several years, as I have debated the abortion issue across the nation, it has been my painful experience to have been repeatedly assaulted by abortion advocates who gleefully beat me over the head with your now infamous report to President Reagan discrediting clinical studies purporting to link abortion with adverse psychological reactions.

No matter how well intentioned your analysis may have been I remain convinced that that report could have been drafted in a way that would have preserved your admirable commitment to intellectual honesty without doing such irreparable damage to our ability to establish an abortion–psychological complications connection—a nexus which you yourself later embraced at least at an anecdotal level.

You now seem determined to create a sequel to that debacle.

You may fancy yourself above the fray in the role of honest broker but your presence at Mrs. Clinton's side as her husband addressed a joint session of Congress on national television is being used powerfully by this administration to suggest your support for this plan's central features or, at worst, only tepid opposition. America needs advocates more than arbiters.

Your vain attempt to find the safety of a fictional middle ground will provide aid and comfort to enemies of life and immeasurably increase the burden which must be borne by those who labor to detach baby killing from health care. The office of surgeon general has been described as a "bully pulpit" which I wish you would have used more force-

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fully in defense of life. Having now returned to a position of influence on the national health care scene, I implore you to disregard the disfavor of the media and the disapproval of your professional colleagues and provide the leadership for which so many of us had hoped during the Reagan years.

Get out there and give 'em heaven!

Respectfully,
Gregg L. Cunningham
Executive Director
Center for Bio-Ethical Reform
Anaheim, California

• • •

7 October 1993

Dear Mr. Cunningham:

It surprises me that you were once a state legislator and now purport to be the Executive Director of a center for bio-ethical reform, yet have so little understanding of what you write. You would do better if you refrain from trying to be eloquent in your rhetoric and just ask a simple question about something you apparently don't understand.

My staff and my family have urged me not to answer your letter, feeling that the effort is really not worth it for someone so far off the truth in his assessment. I write only to say one thing. While Monday morning quarterbacks such as you stand on the sidelines and criticize others who are in the fray, let me say that I am responsible not to you but to my God for the way I act. Why do you judge what you think I do without knowing anything about it? It is not my desire to give you either assurances or comfort. But I would like to make clear that my association with the President and the First Lady and their health care reform package is to act as a moderator in a dialogue between the Administration and the medical profession.

You are mean spirited, Mr. Cunningham, and you should be ashamed of your scholarship.

Sincerely yours,
C. Everett Koop, M.D.
Bethesda, Maryland

(Dictated by Dr. Koop but signed in his absence.) ❐

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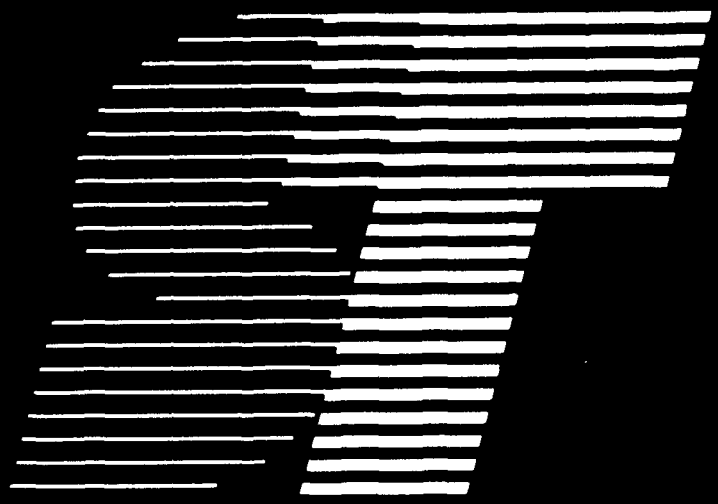

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Reinventing Secrecy

by Byron York

On October 4, President Clinton sent a memo to the chiefs of all government agencies, ordering them to cooperate fully with requests for information that come their way via the Freedom of Information Act (FOIA). "Openness in government is essential to accountability," he wrote, "and the Act has become an integral part of that process."

Then the president took things one step further. It is not enough for government agencies simply to be more open to FOIA requests, he said: "Each agency has a responsibility to distribute information on its own initiative." The public, according to Clinton, should not always have to resort to FOIA to get information out of its government.

On the same day, Attorney General Janet Reno threw out the 1981 rules under which the Justice Department defended agencies that consistently refused to release information requested under the Act. Justice, she wrote, "will no longer defend an agency's withholding of information merely because there is a 'substantial legal basis' for doing so." Rather, bureaucrats who want to keep secrets will now have to prove that giving out the information would harm some person or government interest.

The action appears to provide a much-needed boost for a law that experts say has been undermined in recent years by Reagan and Bush administration agencies that stonewalled and dragged their feet on FOIA requests. But the Clinton administration's response to recent requests for information indicates there may be a significant gap between the president's words and his deeds. A case in point is the National Performance Review (NPR).

Byron York is a producer at WRC-TV, the NBC station in Washington.

The review, also known as Vice President Gore's "reinventing government" task force, released its report amid much fanfare in a White House ceremony September 7. The report outlines ways the government might make the federal bureaucracy more responsive to the public—and save $108 billion over five years. (A figure, incidentally, that the Congressional Budget Office believes is grossly exaggerated.) At the ceremony, Gore said his project would let American citizens know that "their tax dollars will be treated with respect for the hard work that earned them."

In the six months before the ceremony, the NPR itself spent millions of tax-

payer dollars, but the report did not say how many. Nor did any of the accompanying speeches or media accounts. In an effort to find out what the reinventing government project cost, on September 8 I requested, through FOIA, the financial records of the task force. I asked how many employees worked for the NPR, how much money they made, how much their benefits cost the government, how much was spent on office equipment, consultants, rent, travel, parking, and other miscellaneous expenses. I also asked for monthly budget reports outlining the total expenditures of the project.

A few days later, Todd Campbell, counsel to the vice president, refused the request. He wrote that "FOIA does not entitle you to records or other materials of . . . the National Performance Review."

I sent another request, to Marla Romash, at that time Gore's press secretary. In the spirit of the president's FOIA memo, I asked that she simply release the financial records of the reinventing government group—without regard to FOIA. In a phone conversation, Romash told me only that the National Performance Review had approximately 200 workers—most on loan from federal agencies—and was financed in part by $1.5 million from the Defense Department budget. Beyond that, the vice president's office did not provide any information in the course of nearly three months of inquiries. (Romash later left the vice president's office to become spokesperson for the health care reform effort; she was replaced by Lorraine Voles, formerly a spokesperson for the Clinton, Harkin, Dukakis, and Mondale presidential campaigns.)

I then turned to officials of the NPR itself. I sent a letter to Bob Stone, project director for the review, asking that he provide the information specified in my original FOIA request, "or, at the least, some documentation detailing categories of spending in the NPR budget." Stone's assistant, after talking with Stone and other top NPR officials, told me the office could not provide the information, that all such facts about the review would have to come from the vice president's office, which had already denied the request.

I tried roundabout routes. I contacted the Department of Health and Human Services, asking about the roughly 20-25 staffers who had been detailed to the NPR for several months. How much did they make? How much had it cost HHS? "I can't get that information," said a spokesman, adding that the best word would come out of the vice-president's office.

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I called David Osborne, the author who has been described as the Clinton administration's "guru" for reinventing government. I told his assistant I wanted to ask Osborne about whatever expenses he might have incurred during his NPR work. The assistant checked with Osborne and told me he would discuss the matter only if the conversation was approved by Romash. Two weeks later, after checking with the vice president's office, the assistant called to say that "unfortunately, David's not going to have time to do interviews." Two weeks after that, the answer was the same. A month later, Osborne was still busy.

It began to seem as if there might be some sort of blackout on the issue. I have not yet given up, but it has become clear that the vice president's office will go to some lengths to protect the secrecy of the National Performance Review budget. Whether they have a legal right to do so is another matter.

Can the vice president's office legally keep details of the NPR a secret? The administration believes the answer is yes. Justice Department spokesman Carl Stern says government experts think there are legal grounds to contend that the vice president's office is not subject to FOIA, although "it is a matter that hasn't been litigated, so you could argue it either way."

Press experts concede that some areas of the White House are indeed exempt from FOIA. But they believe a subject like the cost of the National Performance Review is not among them. "The reason that you have an executive privilege is to protect the decision-making process of the executive," says Rebecca Daugherty, director of FOI at the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press, "not to protect [disclosure of] their expenses." The refusal to open NPR financial records "flies absolutely in the face of [Clinton's] statement, which says the presumption should be for disclosure," says Paul McMasters, who for four years was national FOIA chairman of the Society of Professional Journalists.

Vice President Gore himself seems to be in favor of financial disclosure, at least in a general sense. During his televised NAFTA debate with Ross Perot, Gore pressed Perot to reveal what he had spent lobbying against the trade agreement. "Why isn't it a matter of record how much you all spent?" Gore said. "Can that be a matter of public record? Can you release those numbers? . . . The audience will notice that he does not want to publicly release how much money he's spending."

But when it comes to National Performance Review spending, Gore—like Perot on NAFTA—does not seem to want to release the numbers. So for now, all one can do is speculate. If the 200 on-loan staffers mentioned by Romash fell midway in the GS-13 pay grade (the most common federal salary bracket in the Washington area), they would earn about $27,500 in the course of working six months for the NPR. Multiplying that by 200 would mean NPR workers made about $5.5 million in salaries; adding federal fringe benefits would increase that figure substantially. (As for the $1.5 million from the Defense Department, a Pentagon spokeswoman says the review has returned $150,000 of that.)

There is also the cost of the review's office in a glossy downtown building near the White House; the owner of the building refused to say how much the NPR paid in rent. Add in office expenses, travel, consultants, and the other costs of doing business. Then there are the costs of the "reinvention teams" and "reinvention laboratories" that the president ordered all cabinet members to organize, the vice president's cross-country federal employee town meetings held to gather worker input, and the implementation effort that goes on today.

It is impossible to come up with even a rough estimate. And accurate figures on the cost of the NPR will have to wait until the administration decides to extend its "openness" policy to a project designed to make the federal government more responsive to American citizens. ❐

LETTER FROM ZAGREB

The Croatian Nation's Pulse

by Leo Raditsa

The people appear more alive on the streets of Zagreb than just after their first elections three years ago. Then, their words were euphoric but their looks wooden, stunned. The streets looked empty, uninhabited, as if the people were repossessing them after a generation's siege—just as I remember Italy in 1948. When I asked them *Why the changes, finally?* they answered one word—"Gorbachev." They meant, I now realize, that they did not take their freedom for their own work, and didn't know what to do with it. "It has not turned out to be so simple," a cousin of mine said, smarting at his own words.

But now there is visibly more feeling on people's faces. Three years ago they wandered around aimlessly like travelers who awake not knowing where they are; now, they really walk, or stroll. The tension is palpable: the city is ablaze in cigarette smoke. They are learning to speak freely after years of swallowing their words, of lowering their voices at the sight of a policeman, changes that take time and pain, as if each word had to be wrenched from captivity. The lines in front of the American Embassy tell of people who want out—but this time not because of oppression. Something is beginning to stir tentatively in the country, and they cannot stand it. Communism throttled anything that stirred on its own in this country, with the result that hate tempts people: they take it for relief.

It is coming home to people that they

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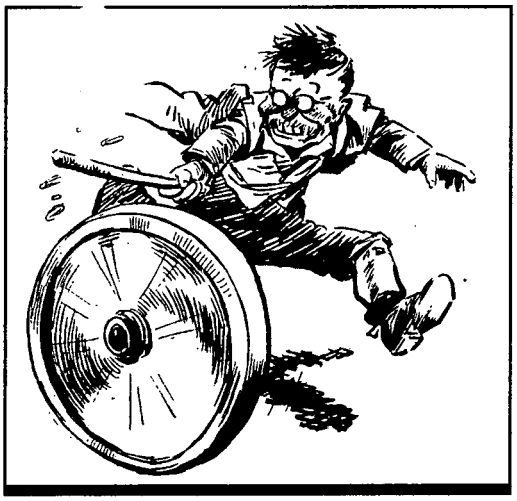
are going to have to work for a living. More than once I met people who wanted to open up their own businesses. There are already some thirty thousand small businesses, heavily taxed by a government with little economic sense. Average monthly wages that run about $70 dollars bear 110 percent tax. The greatest devotees of the free market and Croatian independence in the government are former Communists. But it is hard to know what these alignments mean in a country where nobody knows what is private and what public. I have seen some of these apparatchiks gaze stupefied at the work in the raw you can see on the streets of New York, the involuntary contempt on their faces making it plain they had never seen real work before.

Communism was degrading and murderous, but more comfortable, just as today's killing is comfortable, the ultimate in European self-indulgence and self-destructiveness, killing for those narcissisms of little differences that betray all of Europe's exquisite cruelty. This killing betrays the insides of Communism; it shows that Communism can still undo you after you have renounced it—the leaders in former Yugoslavia cannot get away from its unscrupulousness even though they no longer believe in it. They cannot conceive of decency.

I was struck that Bosnia seemed much farther away from Zagreb than from Rome or Geneva or New York. The news clips on evening television showed Serbian soldiers in Bosnia as if they were a regular army, not the random killing in Sarajevo, Srebrenica, Tuzla, and other towns. The few people that mentioned Bosnia in conversation sounded as if they were admitting something reluctantly, as if they were awakening from a deep dreamless sleep. This distance also shows itself in Croatian president Franjo Tudjman's repeated boast that Croatia has taken the most refugees from Bosnia, as if Croatia had no more to do with Bosnia than Great Britain—and, most importantly, as if it were not implicated in the killing there. People insisted on a news story that held that British U.N. forces had led the "'Muslims" against Croatians in Central Bosnia despite firsthand accounts, including those of Jonathan Randal in the *Washington Post*, that showed Croatians starting the fighting around Vitez. (At the time I heard this disinformation repeated, 200,000 Croatians had been driven from central Bosnia.)

But the denial goes much deeper. It centers around Tudjman's March 1991 deal with Serbian president Slobodan Milosevic, before Serbia attacked Croatia and Slovenia, to divide up Bosnia with the Serbs. Almost everybody I met, including people in government, denied the existence of the deal, reported in most important international newspapers. In fact in the days I was there, a journalist from the *European* argued on a popular late night program that anybody who had wanted could have learned of the deal since he had learned of it immediately after it had been done.

Tudjman's readiness to deal with Milosevic behind his people's back displays a typically Communist mixture of naïveté and brutality, a self-destructiveness worthy of Milosevic and his commander in Bosnia, Myladic—except that Tudjman still has his way out. But only if Croatian public opinion shows its disgust with this deal instead of denying it exists. I mean that Tudjman should back the independence of Bosnia, not of the "Muslims" as he has come to call the Bosnians since Easter, even condescendingly calling the Bosnian president "Ali" on television. (The equation of "Muslims," a category invented by Tito, with Bosnia represents another distortion. For the "Muslims" of Bosnia are either Serb or Croat. And of the 300,000 people still in Sarajevo, between 10 and 30 percent are Bosnian Christian Serbs.)



By "backing," I mean fighting alongside the Bosnians, instead of against them. An alliance of Bosnians and Croatians would be capable of driving the Serbians out of Bosnia and also out of the Krajina and Slavonia in Croatia—in the judgment of one of the best generals of Croatia. Such an alliance would not only earn Croatia the title of republic—for a country that knows independence and the rule of law defends the independence of its neighbors—it would also give it a chance to survive. For the partition of Bosnia, Tudjman's unstated (because indefensible) policy, will lead inevitably to the division of Croatia, already about one-third out of the control of Zagreb, and to random killing that will not end without the destruction of both Serbia and Croatia.

The alternative Croatia now faces is not between war and peace but between self-destructive unlimited killing of women, children, and old men, with "humanitarian" campaigns in Europe on television every night, and an outright war for the independence of Bosnia that would also assure Croatia's independence. Without the defeat of the Serbs in Bosnia on the battlefield, not even the rudiments of peace will come to former Yugoslavia. And independence for Croatia will mean little more than hatred of the Serbs.

Such a war for Bosnian sovereignty would also show the 400,000 Serbians in Croatia (300,000 outside the seized territories) that the Croatian government can be trusted, for a country that fights for the rule of law abroad will respect its minorities. The destructive consequences of Tudjman's acquiescence in the partitioning of Bosnia show already in exacerbation of differences within Croatia, not only between Croatians and Serbs, but also among the Croatians, especially the Croatians of the coast, Dalmatia, Istria, and Primorje. If I were a Serb living now in Croatia, I would be afraid.

I came to Croatia ready to argue for a full-scale American and European intervention with ground troops. I now understand that it is more important first to face the Croatians with the responsibilities of independence, to get them to adopt a rational policy with limited goals that should win wide support in the world—and to supply them, and the Bosnians, with arms. Such a policy would lend the Croatians the honor and self-respect they yearn for. ❐

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Requiem for a Madam

by Benjamin J. Stein

Saturday

"It doesn't get much better than this," my sister said as we started up the Bull River Parkway in Western Montana. She was referring to the vista of a clear river, towering mountains, a vast meadow, and sunlight mixed with shadow hitting the whole schmeer.

In the back seat, Little Sid Caesar was telling us jokes. "Why is six afraid of seven?" he asked.

"I don't know," I said.

"Because seven eight nine," he said.

"Very clever," I admitted as we passed by one staggering vista after another. "Very, very clever."

We had just passed the Clark Fork, a roaring river near Hope, Idaho, and visited the Cabinet Gorge Power Plant, set in a vast canyon of the river. And for some reason, that had started Little Jack Benny thinking about humor.

"Why is eight afraid of nine?" Tommy asked.

"I don't know," I said.

"Because nine ten eleven," he said.

"That isn't funny," I said.

"Will you throw rotten fruit at me?" he asked.

"No, but it's not funny," I said.

Tommy fidgeted in the back seat while I took more photos of the scenery, and bathed in its perfection.

"Well," Tommy wanted to know, "what makes something funny?"

Oh, that kid.

"It has to do with surprise, with familiarity, with embarrassment, with cruelty, with venting tension, with plays on words. It has to do with a lot of things that are extremely hard to put into words."

"Well, how do you know when you're being funny?" he asked.

"Tommy, my boy, it's really hard to put into words, but I'll get a book on humor for you, and maybe we'll try to figure it out together."

"That would be good," he said, "because Mommy told me that I could make enough money to buy a one-man submarine if I was really funny."

I thought about that, thought about the magnificence of Montana, about what it might be like to be there all alone in the middle of winter.

Tuesday

A call from my agent. Could I hurriedly come over to Studio City to try out for a part in a very funny sitcom called "Hearts Afire"? Is the Pope Polish? I asked for a fax of the script. Out of my faithful Panafax came a torrent of pages. The part was that of a crotchety, slightly crazed high school principal. It was perfect for me except that the character description called for a man in his "mid-sixties." I am a *very youthful* 48. So you can see the problem right away.

Anyway, I figured it was a chance to meet people, so I sent my little self over there. I was stunned when I entered the casting room. There were eight other men there, with two more right behind me, all waiting to try out for the part. Some of the men were well-known actors. One was running for a directorship of the Screen Actors' Guild.

I might as well leave, I said to myself. I can't compete with all these people. But as part of my new regime, I don't throw fits or act like a prima donna. So, I stayed and read the part and got it. I love it when that happens.

I even got to meet the producer and chief writer, Linda Bloodworth-Thomason, pal of Bill and Hillary. I told her my true story about noting that Bill Clinton, while obviously one of history's great statesmen, had rather inadequate neckties, and then sending him a beautiful Hermès tie, for which he sent me a thank-you note. Linda was amused. I was told to report for work at 10 a.m.—gentlemen's hours—the next day.

When I got home, I told Little Desi Arnaz about it. "Will you watch me when I'm on TV?" I asked him.

"No, Daddy," he said. "Not a chance. I have to figure out what's funny so I can get a cigarette boat."

"Well, maybe you could figure it out by watching me."

"Maybe," he said.

Wednesday

On the job. I appeared at the set at ten, ate a few bananas, on the theory that people think monkeys are funny, and then had a run-through of my scene. It's the longest scene

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I've ever had, and I have to really be smart around it.

My fellow players are all fabulous actors. There's John Ritter, son of Tex Ritter, who sang the theme from "High Noon." John himself is a major star who played for years in "Three's Company." He's naturally funny, the kind of guy Tommy could learn a lot from if he chose to watch.

Then there's Markie Post, a beautiful woman who starred for many years on "Night Court," and who is not only a good actor—but also very kind and encouraging to me. Then there's Billy Bob Thornton, from Malverne, Arkansas, an incredibly funny guy who also plays heavies in movies he writes himself, and just seems to have talent exploding out of his pores.

We ran through the scene, and were directed by Harry Thomason, who's also a great pal of Bill and Hillary, and seems to be able to do a lot of things in a day. Besides "Hearts Afire," Harry Thomason produces "Evening Shade" (named for a town in Arkansas right near where my father-in-law lives). He also knows how to fly a jet airplane and apparently owns a few of them.

I am not sure how much Harry and I would agree about a number of political issues, but he's incredibly nice to me on the set, praising my "work" and also my writing. Life is *personal*, as my pal Wlady says. What gets things done is not ideology but personal feelings and connections. Conservatives keep asking me how they can influence Hollywood. It's personal. That's the answer. Come out here, make connections, and write how you feel in your heart, and eventually it will see daylight.

Back to the set for another run-through. Linda Thomason was at this one. She had a lot of suggestions and I followed them. Then we all sat on the set and talked more. "Ben," Linda asked, "are you a Republican or a Democrat?"

"A Nixon Republican," I said proudly.

"I thought so," she said.

"What was your first clue? That I was a speechwriter for him?" I asked.

But she was already giving other instructions to other people. I have to say that I didn't mind the by-play. Life is about making jokes and jabs. Besides, I don't want to be a professional victim. Linda gave me a part, and that's a lot more than I had before I met her.

Thursday

I had an eight o'clock call this morning for "Hearts Afire." But when I appeared, I learned that the order of rehearsal had been changed. I could return to my dressing room and vamp for several hours.

I lay down on my couch and read the *Wall Street Journal*. I'm not sure why I read it any longer. I don't get investment ideas from it and it certainly misses the really big stories in finance on a startlingly consistent basis. I guess it has to do with genetics. My paternal grandfather used to go to stock brokerages, even in the worst of the Great Depression, and watch the quotes being put up on the board. I don't think he had anything invested in the market, or at least not much, but he enjoyed the action, the vicarious thrill of the movement of money. Maybe it's something like that, passing through the generations.

Anyway, at about noon, I fell asleep for an hour as I listened to Mozart's Requiem, the greatest work of art ever struck off by the human brain. When the tape was ended, I stood up and walked to the window of my dressing room. With the choral magnificence of the last movement's praise to God ringing in my ears I saw a sight.

There on a skateboard, gliding along an empty avenue on the lot, holding a script, wearing jeans, an oxford cloth shirt, and white Nikes, was America's current godhead, Jerry Seinfeld. He moved effortlessly, silently, in a straight line, with a fixed look of bliss on his face.

Friday

Tora, Tora, Tora!!! It's time for the show. We've rehearsed it over and over. I know my part by heart, mostly because the dialogue coach, Dennis, and I have walked all around the lot practicing it. Fame. Fame. Fame. The electric hotwire of fame, dangling above my head, and all I have to do is reach up and grab it.

My pal Barron has flown in from Phoenix to watch me. He loves Hollywood—the lights, the buzz, the possibility of fame. He sells airplanes, but wants to be a star.

We had dinner in a stage. I sat next to an extremely muscular assistant director named Mike, who used to be Tarzan in many movies of that name. I also sat with the beautiful Beth Broderick, a regular (that most gleaming of words) who spends most of her life trying to ease the difficult hours of AIDS patients. Across from me was the script supervisor, Alvin, who played the little kid in "Miracle on Thirty-Fourth Street." Barron talked about airplanes with Harry Thomason, who seems to know a great deal about them. Then we did the show.

I *loved* doing my scene. The other actors, true stars, were extremely encouraging, and it was wonderful to get Markie Post's wink, and her whisper that she knew "many really nice people who are Republicans." I think she said her parents "used to be" Republicans. I am getting a mad crush on her, although from a worshipful distance, to be sure.

Then, to my extreme dismay, the director, Harry, and the producer-writer, Linda, said we had my scene and didn't need to do it anymore. I'm done. I have to go back to my pumpkin. Wahhhh!

"Didn't you love that?" Barron asked.

"I loved it," I said, "but on Monday, when I'm all by myself in my house far from anywhere or anybody, I'm going to be pretty damned lonely."

Acting is not a job. It's a drug.

Wednesday

Fire! Last night I ate at Morton's with Barron. We saw the usual suspects—the producer-manager Sandy Gallin, the director Joel Schumacher, a buzzing crowd of agents going kiss-kiss, and various tough-looking men and women who arrived in Rolls-Royces.

Then I drove all the way out to my house in the far western end of Malibu. When I got there I went through my mountain of mail, delightedly took out the few residuals, and then went to bed.

For some reason that science has not discovered, I could not sleep. A certain edge of alertness kept me up. I turned on the air-conditioner, pulled the covers up over my head, and still could not sleep until 3 a.m.

By morning, I knew why. To the northwest, there was a solid wall of smoke, from the mountains to the highest point of sky. Great gusts of wind threw ashes onto my house. The air itself was a frightening orange. Western Malibu was burning.

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I went to my phone machine. I had message after message from my wife asking if I was all right, and then a call from my parents asking the same thing. Everyone knew about the fire before I did (although my cagey unconscious knew about it before my plodding conscious did). I reassured them all, but then when I walked around my yard, I felt scared. There were ashes everywhere.

What to do? I turned on my sprinklers and ate a hearty breakfast (orange juice, toast, and a banana). I called my agent. Just then, right in front of my kitchen window, a sheet of flame leapt up about a quarter mile in front of my home, right at the empty lot next to the western Malibu fire station.

A clever arsonist, I figured, had set that fire just to taunt and screw up the fire department. It worked. The fire grew crazily for about ten minutes, and then a swarm of fire-trucks appeared and the fire was put out.

Oh, boy, I thought. This is it. This is how the world ends. With a brushfire burning up all my files on Michael Milken.

I got dressed and rushed out to the street to scan the skies. "Watch the skies," said some old movie, and it made sense.

My neighbors were out there watering and watching. I asked my neighbor Fred, a retired émigré from Germany, and his wife Gertrude, if they were leaving.

"No," Fred said. "This is our house."

"We have many things that are dear to us here," Gertrude said.

"We have seen a lot of fires here," Fred added. "We wet everything down, and hope for the best."

I went back into my house. Miss Staci, a new assistant, arrived. "I had to get through a police roadblock," she said. "I had to tell them you were my Dad and I was picking you up because Mom had left you without a car."

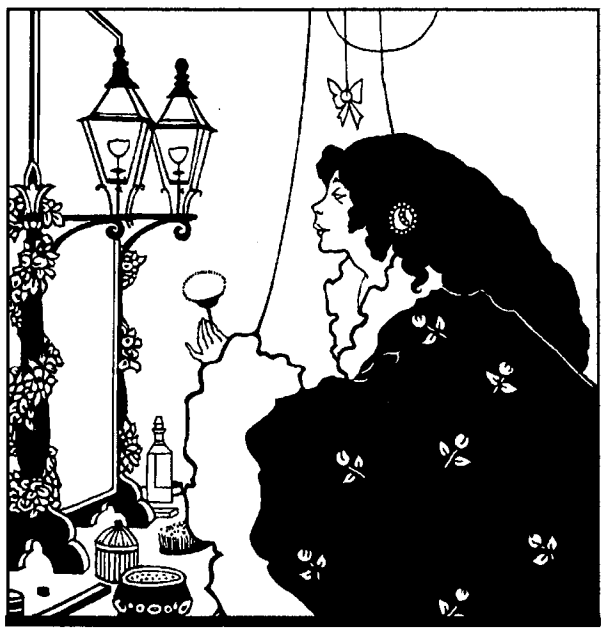
Hmmm. I think I'm going to get along really well with this young woman.

We filed for a few hours, and I kept looking for a dead mouse until I found it, and then we turned on the radio. It said that Pacific Coast Highway was blocked at Encinal Canyon—which is just where I live—because of the danger of the fire reaching that neighborhood. The announcer also said that the fire had marched thirty miles already and was at the ocean and heading north and south.

From my deck, I could see surfers paddling out to catch waves just a few feet from where fire engines were marshaling near the Encinal Canyon fire station.

At two o'clock, the radio said it was getting very dicey, and residents were leaving western Malibu. Frankly, I didn't see anyone leaving, but I decided I had better scram anyway.

Staci and I packed my photo of my father with Nixon in the Oval Office on the day he and Nixon were talking about soybeans and inflation (and John Dean was telling RN that there was a "cancer" on the presidency), two old photos of my beloved dog Mary, now in Heaven, a photo of my mother and father at the Watergate, and then an album of photos of me as a child. Then we left.



Amazingly, just two miles away, at the bank and the travel agency, it was business as usual. At the Point Dume Chinese Restaurant, the best bargain in America, there was the usual laughter with Tony the Chinese waiter about my order for Chinese chicken salad, hold the chicken.

In West Hollywood, though, the town was jazzed. The vibe was what I imagine it would be if an enemy army were on the outskirts of town awaiting the chance to attack, but with a good chance that the home troops would push them back. The whole city was on edge, watching the sky, watching the nonstop coverage on TV, watching with a feeling of dread. After all, if the winds kept blowing, how long until the fire reached Beverly Hills and West Hollywood? How long? Not long.

I went over to play with Trixie and to take her to the vet. "She's losing muscle mass," he said, "but I don't think she's in pain. Let's wait a week before we consider euthanasia." But she felt so thin in my arms, so frail, so much like a dog on her way to eternity, her eyes so full of questions.

I took her back to Alex's and we all watched TV together. The fires were everywhere. The one in Laguna Beach was far worse than the one in Malibu. I got a phone call from Jennie, my friend in Malibu. "I hear the fire is already at Decker," she said, referring to the next canyon over. "Should I go and save a few things for you?"

"No," I said. "I have enough."

But late that night, Kerry, a loyal aide, volunteered to go out to the house and—if it was safe—to get my financial files so I could do my income tax. She arrived in West Hollywood with the news that she could see the flames on the next ridge from my house.

Well, I thought, good-bye, house. I shall miss your clean lines and your wonderful view. Maybe you'll be a house in Heaven for some lucky saint.

At six in the morning, I woke up and turned on the TV. Miracle. The fire in Malibu had stalled. The winds had died down, and my answering machine was still working, which meant that my house was still there.

Friday

About a year ago, in October 1992, as I was walking my dog Trixie (she could still walk), a neighbor from my apartment building in West Hollywood approached me. "A friend of mine in the building is a huge fan of yours," she said. "She wants to take you to lunch. Her name is Maddie Winik. Will you take her call?"

I said I would, but it was months later when she called. It was the night before Christmas, in fact, when she called to invite me to a party at a famous produc-

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er's house. "It'll just be a few people to have cocktails and watch a movie," she said. "You'll get some material for an article about it."

My family had gone away to the east, and I was alone. I agreed to go. I picked her up in the lobby along with a friend. The friend was a heart-stoppingly beautiful English girl named Terri. Maddie was a subdued, sniffling woman in her thirties whose first words were, "Too bad for you, but I'm Maddie. This is Terri, and she's taken."

The party was one of the strangest gatherings I have ever attended. In a pool house/projection room, tall blonde women glided in and out, sat sipping champagne, told me they spent all day exercising, talked about travel to France and England and Japan and Hong Kong, and looked weirdly detached from life. The host spent most of the evening slicing a salmon and passing out pieces of it to the guests. Occasionally he disappeared with his huge plate of salmon, and then reappeared with still more salmon.

Maddie likewise disappeared for a long time. I found myself next to a fireplace, talking to a startlingly muscular woman named Heidi Fleiss. She told me she knew of my writing about Michael Milken, and she herself admired Milken, but was open to discussion about it. She also said her car was broken and asked if I would give her a ride home. She said she was a real estate agent and would like to sell me a house. Before I could discuss any of this further with her, she also disappeared.

At about midnight, Maddie reappeared and asked me to drive her home. I told her how strange I thought the party was. "Well," she said, "that woman you were talking to, Heidi Fleiss, is a big-time madam, and those were some of her girls."

Somehow, on the way home, it became clear to me that Maddie was also probably a madam. I think it was when she asked me if any of the rich men I knew would ever like to meet some girls. In fact, I'm sure that's when it was. I told her that I really didn't think so, but that I would bear her in mind.

Over the next few months, I got to talk with her at least a few times per day. I figured I had found the raw material of a story about how Los Angeles works. She figured she had found someone to listen to her endless stories about girls who didn't show up, about sheikhs who paid ten thousand dollars to have girls nearby while they blew cocaine in Malibu, about quarrels with other women in the building, about calls from London to send over a beautiful girl on the Concorde, about movie stars who said they didn't pay to have the girls come over but to have them leave, about the other madams she competed with, about how much she hated being alive.

Maddie had at one time been an actress, but had given it up because it was too tough. Then she had been a paralegal, and then she had married a wealthy lawyer many decades her senior. He had died, and somehow she had been cut out of the will. She had also learned that her husband, although forty years her senior, had been having a number of affairs.

Angry and frustrated about losing hubby and lifestyle, she had somehow—it was never exactly clear how—become a madam. In an interesting way, she had put her acting talents to work in her new occupation. She could be soft and cooing to a client on one line, insistent to another about paying a bill (yes, she extended credit), and then actually commanding to a girl about making sure she showed up on time for her next appointment. She had a facility with voicework that I could only envy. She also truly loved the telephone. She was rarely without it in her hand, even when she wasn't talking on it. She had no hesitation to use the phone, even for calls to faraway places.

When work took me to Ireland for about three weeks last spring and summer, Maddie called several times a day, and was always happy to take a call, no matter at what time of day.

As the year wore on, she gradually became more addicted to cocaine and more depressed. She took a stunning variety of mind-altering drugs, almost all prescribed, usually to get her to sleep after her cocaine, all of which measurably eroded her brain. "I hate to live," she told me. "I'm going to be dead soon, and then you won't have anyone to call you in Ireland."

I would give her my best pep talk about her life, my very most powerful windup to get her to a 12-step program, my most fervent pleas to stop taking drugs and start living. She always listened, but never went a day without being high. Anyway, she would tell me, she couldn't quit. She loved the action: the drugs, the girls, the rich men.

By the late summer, she had the clear and clearly paranoid impression that she was being followed, that certain enemies were conspiring with other enemies to take away her girls, especially her best girl, the English bombshell, Terri, and to turn her over to the police. She thought her phone was tapped. She thought detectives were in the hall. She thought that outside her apartment the whole world was waiting to get her. She told me fantastic stories about hiring Crips and Bloods to be her bodyguards, about having someone from the Crips collect money owed to her, about ways and means of getting the sheriff on her side.

Then she had the incredible idea that she would start using my apartment to interview girls to be prospective employees. "That way," she told me, "they'll be able to get in and out of the building without using my phone number and the people who are tapping my line will never know."

She didn't say how the imaginary detectives in the hall would be fooled, but I completely squashed her idea in an extreme hurry. "I'm happy to cheer you up and listen to you," I said, "but I don't want at all to be part of your business. If I didn't think I'd get you out of it altogether someday soon, I'd stop talking to you altogether."

That stung Maddie, and she was never anything but hostile to me again. She started leaving insane angry messages threatening me. She would get together with Michael Milken (whom I am certain she never met) and would somehow ruin my life. She would make common cause with Joan Rivers and somehow she and Joan would "get" me. (I'm sure she never met Joan Rivers, either.) She would send her friends from the Crips to get me.

She took to leaving weird messages at the front desk of the building, thanking me for gifts I had never given her. (I never gave her anything except postcards from Idaho and Ireland.) She would sometimes leave thirty messages on my machine in a day, and I began to call the West Hollywood Sheriff's station to ask what I could do.

Their basic message was that I would just have to wait until they had dealt with murders and rapes and armed robberies,

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and then we could talk about their paying Maddie a call.

This evening, I got a call from a friend in the building. "Condolences on your pal Maddie," said the friend. "She passed over last night. Overdose."

I sat stunned for a while. Then I called Terri, the English bombshell. A message on her machine said she had left town. For all I know, she's in Cuba now. I'm sure she's left the country. Maddie's sister came to clean out the apartment, and Maddie was gone.

"I don't want to stop being a madam," she used to say to me. "I love the glamour of it. I can't go back to a normal life after this glamour. Nothing else would ever be as much fun." Then she would add, "But I get so tired. I just wish I could get some sleep."

Tuesday

A call from my agent telling me that I was wanted right away over in Universal City for a Pepsi audition. It's on camera, and it could be real money and they asked for me by name, and that's bitchin', as we say here in Southern California.

I got up from my desk and looked out at the sky. A pellucid blue, with a hot, dry breeze blowing out of the Northwest. Hmm. As I got to Cahuenga, I heard on the car radio that there was a brushfire burning out of control in Calabasas. But that's wa-a-a-y out in the Valley near my dentist.

I parked a few blocks from the audition. The office was right next to the Hollywood Freeway. The cars raced by. You could taste their exhaust. Inside the Egg Company, though, where the audition was, was a Fellini-esque sight (and what a genius we have lost). There were eight casting sessions going on at once. One was for plump middle-aged men. (Nope, that's not mine, not today.) Another was for a women's shampoo. That area was crammed with beautiful girls. *Crammed.* There was one for 10-month-old babies. Then another one for women's athletic equipment. Then others for firemen and for forest rangers. Rugged, handsome men.

Then mine for Pepsi. I played a guide at a marine park. I read my part well, I thought. But there was a strange, edgy vibe in the room. I'm not at all sure I got this part. I walked back to my car preparatory to driving across the street to have lunch at Universal with my old pal, Michael Chinich.

What is that mushroom cloud doing out there towards Calabasas? It wasn't there twenty minutes ago. On the car radio, the bad news: the Calabasas fire was out of control. Burning wildly towards Malibu and towards Topanga Canyon. Fanned by gale-force winds. From the Universal City Walk, I could see the fire getting worse. Oh, boy.

By evening, there were terrifying pictures on TV of the fire burning down towards Pacific Coast Highway. There were incredible throngs of fire engines, borate bombers, water-dumping copters, and *nothing could stop those fires.*

Then I got a call from my pal Jennifer near my house. She insisted that the north leg of the fire, the one that had menaced my house last week, had flared up again. "It's on the next ridge," she said, and then said it again and again for the next several hours. This is it, I thought. This is the one. Good-bye, house. Now, I just take the insurance money, heh-heh, and move to Idaho.

Through the night, the fire got worse. I drove over to see Tommy. "Daddy," he said, "don't worry, because you were trying to sell the house, or did you forget?"

"I didn't forget," I said.

My wife (estranged but still wonderful) and I drove along Mulholland to see the flames. I stopped to vote *for* school vouchers and for more police. I could actually see flames from Mulholland in Beverly Hills, at least fifteen miles away.

Wednesday

Dies irae. The fires are still not out. In fact, the wind is still blowing, and the fires are moving south towards town. They are very near the Getty Museum, near where Sunset hits Pacific Coast Highway, near where urban life begins. If the fires go on much longer, all of those jealous people in New York will get their secret wish.

I got a call to go for an audition right near my apartment. It's to play in a very funny script called "Wagons East," about settlers who decide to ride a wagon train back to St. Louis. The part is tiny, but I love auditions, so off I went. As soon as I stepped out the door, I was in an inferno of wind, heat, and ashes. Ashes were raining everywhere.

The audition was in the back of an alley between Book Soup and a Greek restaurant. There was just one plywood room, leading to another alley, leading to a basement room, and that's where the audition was. There was no one else in the plywood waiting room, but there was a sign saying "Don't worry. We'll come get you eventually."

They did—eventually. Afterwards I headed to lunch at the Hard Rock Cafe (of which I own .2 percent, more or less), and called my agent. She told me in a cheery voice that I had not gotten the Pepsi spot. I felt sick. Then I thought about the people losing their homes in Malibu, and you know what? I still felt sick.

"Your griefs set up, do not pluck my griefs down." Richard II said that, and he was right.

Besides, the fire will not burn down L.A. or Malibu or even a lot of it. Want to know how I know that? Because it's never happened before. That's why. Past is prologue. Check it out.

But I miss Maddie, the Madam. Come back, Maddie, and tell me more stories. ❐

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GOP Hat Trick

by Grover G. Norquist

Haley Barbour campaigned for the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee promising to spend $3 million on a "National Policy Forum," a series of public hearings to shape what the Republican Party would stand for in the future. The party would then communicate this new message to an electorate that had just rejected four more years of George Bush. It may have been a good idea at the time, but the message of Election Day 1993 was that the party should save its money and stop acting as if last year's presidential election were a repudiation of conservatism—rather than of one politician who abandoned it.

Christie Todd Whitman's narrow victory in New Jersey, George Allen's landslide win in Virginia, and Rudy Giuliani's close win in New York—along with successful initiatives in Washington state, California, Maine, and Texas—extend a string of GOP victories that started right after the 1992 presidential election with Paul Coverdell's runoff win in Georgia and continued with Kay Bailey Hutchison and Richard Riordan's victories in Texas and Los Angeles respectively. (And don't forget Mike Huckabee's election as lieutenant governor in Arkansas.)

Voters have given Republicans more than just victories. They have, without cost or tedious public hearings, drafted a winning Republican platform for 1994 and charted a strategic road map for 1996—if the party is willing to learn from its victories.

The most important lesson of campaign '93 was the power of supply-side economics, as demonstrated in the New Jersey governor's race. Whitman successfully attacked incumbent Jim Florio's $2.8 billion 1990 tax hike, not simply because he—like George Bush—had lied about his taxing plans, but also because she was able to link his tax hike to 280,000 lost jobs during his administration. The flip-side of "tax hikes kill jobs" was her own tax cut proposal, a carbon copy of the 1981 Roth-Kemp tax cut. Whitman will cut marginal tax rates by 10 percent a year for three years and will reduce state spending by 5 percent.

Whitman adviser Lawrence Kudlow thinks that her campaign was the beginning of the redefinition of the 1980s. In September and October, when Florio was running high in the polls, his campaign manager James Carville openly bragged that a victory for his man would be the death of supply-side economics. Voters, Carville told every national reporter, would forgive tax increases and never again believe in Republicans bearing tax cuts. George Bush's betrayal, Carville argued, had destroyed the tax issue for all Republicans for all time.

The brouhaha over Whitman campaign manager Ed Rollins's bizarre statements that he used "walking around money" to counter-bribe black ministers not to get the vote out for Jim Florio has helped Democrats drown out the message of New Jersey—the power of the tax issue. It also masked GOP progress in winning black votes: Whitman got 25 percent of them in New Jersey, and Allen took 17 percent in Virginia. But even then, there's a silver lining for Republicans: if the Rollins debacle highlights the way corrupt get-out-the-vote efforts work in big cities, then it is the Democrats who stand to suffer most. Recent Republican victories in cities strip Democrats of the opportunity to use city employees for campaign purposes and make voter fraud much more difficult. Looking ahead to 1996, this leaves New York state competitive and New Jersey leaning Republican.

Whitman's credibility on tax cuts was bolstered during the campaign by Republican governors Weld of Massachusetts, Engler of Michigan, Thompson of Wisconsin, Merrill of New Hampshire, and Symington of Arizona, who broke informal precedent to issue strong endorsements of the Whitman plan. And Florio further undermined Carville's grand strategy by admitting his loss stemmed from voter support of the Whitman tax cut agenda.

Elsewhere, voters in Washington passed Initiative 601 (though only by a margin of 51-49 percent), which limits total state spending and requires tax increases to be put to a popular vote. Similarly, Texas voters overwhelmingly passed (68-32) a referendum requiring that any attempt to impose a state income tax be placed before the people for a vote. In California, Proposition 170, an effort by public-employee unions to weaken the Proposition 13 requirement of two-thirds approval for local tax hikes, was defeated 69-31. In North Carolina, a measure to allow the general assembly to issue bonds without a popular referendum was defeated. Finally, in Oregon (on November 9), an attempt to impose a sales tax to prevent cuts from schools and government services went down 75-25.

The idea that voters should have the final say over any possible tax increase or new tax is a growing trend that builds upon constitutional amendments enacted in Oklahoma in 1990 and Colorado in 1992. Today, nine state initiatives are in the works for the 1994 ballot to require that any tax hikes be put to popular vote.

The second lesson from November 3 was the potency of crime as a political issue. Fear of crime defeated David Dinkins and muted conservative unhap-

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piness with Rudy Giuliani. George Allen's strong stand against parole for violent criminals helped turn around a race he had been losing by 29 points.

Democrats had hoped the lesson of 1993 would be that gun control can replace "toughness on crime" as a winning issue. The Virginia and New Jersey races showed just the opposite. Polling in Virginia by Fabrizio, McLaughlin confirmed that Allen was right to dismiss opponent Mary Sue Terry's call for waiting periods for gun purchases and bans on "assault" rifles as simply her refusal to discuss real anti-crime measures such as abolishing parole and stiffer sentences. Asked how best to fight crime, 67 percent of Virginia voters said abolish parole; only 26 percent preferred gun control. In New Jersey, Whitman gave an object lesson in how to mishandle the crime issue. She opposed mandatory minimum sentences for carjackers and endorsed the Brady Bill and assault weapons bans. By agreeing that gun control was "part of the solution," she could not focus on the popular idea of more time in prison for violent felons.

In Washington state, voters passed a "Three Strikes You're Out" law by a whopping 75-25 margin. This will guarantee life imprisonment without parole to a person convicted three times of a violent felony. Victims' rights groups in California are now circulating an initiative petition that would reduce potential time off for good behavior for violent criminals to 20 percent of a sentence rather than the present 50 percent. The measure would also double the sentence for a second offense and triple it for a third.

Republicans have convinced the public that crime is a critical issue and that their solution—longer real sentences for repeat offenders—is the answer. Taxpayer groups, however, point out a danger that surfaced in California with the victory of Proposition 172, a measure to make permanent a heretofore temporary half-cent sales tax increase, ostensibly to pay for "public safety services." It is up to Republicans to remind taxpayers that the left will use crime as an excuse to raise taxes, just as it did with education in the 1980s, and that new prisons can be paid for by cutting other spending, rather than by raising taxes to fund general revenues.

Despite the smashing (70-30) defeat of Proposition 174 in California, choice in education remains popular with voters and is central to winning black urban voters. The California Teachers Association outspent pro-choice forces by more than 10-1, pouring in some $20 million from teachers dues into a media blitz. An exit poll run by former Perot pollster Frank Luntz suggests that choice nonetheless remains popular. By margins of 53-39, California voters said they "support the right of parents to use vouchers to choose what schools their children attend." Seventy percent said they would vote for a future school choice effort "if there were adequate and effective safeguards against extremists setting up schools." And state legislators nationwide will note that 49 percent of California voters would be more likely to support a candidate who supported choice in education and only 28 percent would be less likely.

In New Jersey, Whitman promised to pass enabling legislation to give education choice to Jersey City residents. Mayor Bret Schundler walked door to

door for Whitman with a single message: a vote for Whitman is a vote for school choice in Jersey City. On election day, Whitman received 27 percent of the black vote in Jersey City—four times the black vote won there by Republican Jim Courter four years ago.

Whitman and Schundler are working together to enact choice in time for next fall's school year. Then thousands of low-income students will be able to have real choice—public, private, and parochial—in education, and all within a ten-minute train ride from the major media market of New York City. Previous choice programs have been smaller and far from the mass media's eye. As Schundler puts it, the left opposes choice not because they know it will fail, but because they know it will succeed—success with choice in Jersey City would strengthen the movement in all fifty states.

The anti-establishment, anti-corruption impulse remains strong. Voters in New York City voted 60-40 to enact term limits. Republican Ronald Lauder funded the pro-limits campaign, singlehandedly defeating the entire New York establishment. In Maine, term limits on state legislators passed 70-30. New Jersey voters by 75-25 gave themselves the right to recall elected officials after one year in office.

Another lesson is that Perot voters are Republican voters who couldn't stomach George Bush. Exit polls in New Jersey and Virginia showed Republicans overwhelmingly carrying the 1992 Perot vote, this on the heels of Kay Bailey Hutchison winning 85 percent of the Perot vote. (Perot endorsed Hutchison only after his polls showed that his supporters were already behind the pro-term limit and anti-tax and anti-Washington message of Hutchison.)

Moreover, opposition to special privileges for homosexuals is a winner. In 1992, Oregon voters defeated a proposition that would have required the state government to promote anti-homosexual propaganda. But the initiatives that passed in Cincinnati, Ohio, Lewiston, Maine, and Portsmouth, New Hampshire on November 3 (and in the Oregon towns of Oregon City and Keiser on November 9) won handily with the political slogan "Equal rights, not special rights."

Finally, the conservative message can help Republicans in cities. Bret Schundler's victory in June was followed in November by the victory of Tom Felzer over Bill Clinton's former state chairman, Barlow Herger, for the mayoralty of Raleigh, North Carolina. By running on a choice-in-education and anti-crime platform, former Helms aide Felzer took 22 percent of the black vote, and won in a city Jesse Helms has never carried. Republicans also won the mayoralties in Syracuse, Binghamton, and Elmira, New York, and Dayton, Ohio.

Haley Barbour, take note. The $3 million Republicans were planning to spend on reacquainting voters with the party's agenda can now be better spent supporting the anti-tax, anti-crime, and term-limit initiatives on the 1994 ballot. ❐

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Muzzling Through

by Cathy Young

In this latest Russian revolution, both liberal and conservative American commentators—with the unappealing exception of Stephen Cohen, Jerry Hough, and the *Nation*—have sided overwhelmingly with Boris Yeltsin. Our man in Moscow isn't making it easy, though. He reverses himself on early presidential elections. He gets himself a made-to-order constitution. He bullies the press, not only closing down some publications but telling others (*Pravda* and *Sovetskaya Rossiya*) that they can reopen if they sack their editors and change their names.

A couple of days after the quashed hard-line revolt, Yeltsin did look a tad too regal on Russian TV as he handed out awards to journalists who had exhibited bravery during the unrest, particularly during the storming of the Ostankino television tower by the "national Communist" mobs. The camera lingered on the door as the president was about to enter, and then showed him walking to the podium in a reverent shot reminiscent, some said, of old coverage of Soviet leaders' public appearances. At the same time, not only were a total of fifteen "red-and-brown" (Communist and fascist) newspapers forbidden to publish, but democratic ones, such as *Sevodnya* (Today), found themselves under the censor's knife.

Comparisons to Soviet-era censorship are still largely unwarranted. For one thing, censors who allow their victims to trumpet their plight with blank spots on their pages are censors with dull knives. On October 7, after the censorship was lifted, Aleksei Zuichenko wrote in *Sevodnya*, "At an editorial board meeting, the appearance on our pages of white spots stamped 'censored' was unanimously recognized as the best advertising campaign in the newspaper's existence." He noted that in the two days of revived censorship, the editors "waited gleefully to see which article the esteemed bureaucrats would kill next," and that "being censored became a matter of honor, prestige, and, quite frankly, profit: not one foreign media outlet accredited in Moscow, it seemed, would reject an editor's offer of an article axed by a censor."

In the same edition, the staff of *Sevodnya* took on the ban on "opposition newspapers" such as *Pravda*, *Rabochaya Tribuna* (Workers' Tribune), and the virulently anti-Semitic *Den* (Day), though intimating that legal procedures against such papers for violating Russia's press laws would not be seen as problematic. (Legal penalties could apply for inciting violence or ethnic hate.) Without due process, the journalists wrote, "the absurd and pernicious order to close the opposition press . . . makes it immoral for us to support the present government. In today's circumstances, only guaranteed freedom of speech can save the regime from degeneration and tyranny."

Not everyone agreed. In an October 13 conversation, the eminent Russian scholar and political commentator Leonid Batkin acknowledged that the "very strong anti-repressive mindset" of the Russian intelligentsia was a good bulwark against the revival of dictatorship, yet grumbled that the anti-censorship zeal was being taken too far—"even against the absolutely necessary two-week state of emergency." In *Sevodnya* (October 9), columnist Maksim Sokolov—a sort of meaner, nastier Russian George Will—admits that he too urged tolerance for the vanquished Commies after August 1991, and repents. Due to the "heroic efforts of the liberal intelligentsia" to avert Yeltsinite authoritarianism, Sokolov says, "calls for the forcible overthrow of the government became routine" and "armed national socialist squads were free to form," leading straight to the carnage of October 3.

This time around, Sokolov predicts, "fighting against witch hunts will be more difficult—in part because the liberals have already once successfully saved the witches, who went on to display their extremely witchy proclivities in Ostankino and elsewhere; hence, both the thesis that witches don't exist at all and the theory that witches have a sacred right to practice their craft have become hard to prove." (Who's right? That's a tough one: nothing in America's political landscape parallels the issues in Russia, where the "harm" caused by some speech is of an altogether different sort than the affronts to the sensibilities of the oppressed cited by aspiring censors over here.)

Meanwhile, on October 25, appearing at the International Press Center in Moscow with Gannett newspapers head Al Neuharth, Yeltsin protégé Mikhail Poltoranin, head of the Federal Information Center (and recently exonerated of charges regarding the sale of ex-Soviet property in Berlin to a German firm), boldly stated that neither Yeltsin nor the Ministry of Press had issued censorship orders on October 4. He had no idea, he said, who had banned the fifteen hard-line newspapers or killed articles scheduled for publication in democratic ones, and that indeed the Russian prosecutor's office was investigating the entire matter. A sarcastic editorial note in *Nezavisimaya Gazeta* (The Independent Gazette) remarked that the easiest thing would be to ask the censors who gave them their orders.

And yet the picture has some disturbing elements. Let's say it was acceptable for TV broadcasting chief Viktor Bragin to have the transmitters shut off when

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Ostankino was under siege to make sure the rebel leaders wouldn't get on the air. (Denis Gorelov in *Sevodnya* says it was the only thing to do; Valery Tsvik, writing in *Nezavisimaya Gazeta*, smells a reversion to the old Soviet habit of shielding people from exposure to "bad" information and sees it as evidence of "a Bolshevist faith in the overwhelming strength of political propaganda and agitation." Bragin further raised eyebrows by proposing that the blocks around the TV tower be surrounded by an impenetrable wall to prevent future assaults, provoking sarcastic remarks about the "Great Wall of Ostankino" and about turning the broadcast center into an armed fortress.) Let's say there were reasons to prevent a press conference by nationalist politician Sergei Baburin under emergency regulations.

Still, a total of seventy journalists, including reporters for such liberal, pro-Yeltsin periodicals as *Ogonyok* and *Moscow News*, were roughed up by police while the state of emergency was in force.

Even after the emergency rules had been lifted, the troubles of the press were not over. The Ostankino board of directors severed the contracts of two unquestionably pro-democracy but insufficiently zealous hosts of the political analysis programs *Krasny Kvadrat* (The Red Quadrangle) and *Politburo*, Aleksandr Politkovsky and Aleksandr Lyubimov. Their crime was to have appeared on the only functioning channel of Russian TV on the night of October 3 and discouraged Muscovites from heeding the earlier appeal of deputy prime minister Yegor Gaidar to take to the streets, unarmed, and oppose the Communist rebel mobs. For their heresy, the two were formally censured by the Journalists' Union—a move that, one TV viewer said in a supportive telegram to Lyubimov, "returns us to the Brezhnev era." (Meanwhile, one of the shows was eventually allowed back on the air, but in a 2 a.m. slot.)

Furthermore, on October 29 *Kommersant Daily* published a report according to which Poltoranin's Federal Information Center was leaning on the management of St. Petersburg TV to deny air time to Independent Television (NTV), the first independent television company in Russia to produce its own newscasts, which started airing on the St. Petersburg channel—also available in Moscow—on October 10. It should be noted that back in June, the weekly *Stolitsa* had warned that Poltoranin, for many years a loyal servant to the Soviet regime, was inclined to regard the media as an ideological instrument of the government and to threaten to deny subsidies to media outlets that had criticized him personally. (Most of the Russian media remain government-subsidized.)

Most ominous was the apparent attempt to muzzle *Nezavisimaya Gazeta*, the non-government daily launched in 1991. While the newspaper's politics are staunchly pro-democracy (the paper played a leading role in the Russian media's resistance to the August 1991 hard-liners' coup), *Nezavisimaya* has made a point of maintaining a truly independent stance and giving a forum to critics—liberal and not—of Russia's new regime. Under the stewardship of former *Moscow News* journalist Vitaly Tretyakov, the paper has published editorials often critical of Yeltsin and of the new loyalist media establishment.

In October, *Nezavisimaya* was told to re-register with the Ministry of Press because one of the paper's official co-founders, the Moscow City Council, no longer existed. Another original Mossoviet offspring, the rambunctiously pro-Yeltsin daily *Kuranty* (Chimes), had its registration renewed in three days; the re-registration of *Nezavisimaya* was stalled for more than two weeks while the authorities apparently considered possible ways to close it down altogether or turn it over to the office of Moscow mayor Yuri Luzhkov (which would mean Tretyakov's replacement). In a front-page statement on October 27, *Nezavisimaya* charged that covert attempts were being made to deprive the paper of new subscribers. At some post offices, where subscriptions to periodicals are filed in Russia, would-be subscribers were told that the newspaper would soon be banned. At others, the available catalogue of periodicals did not include *Nezavisimaya*, and the complete catalogue, which could be wangled from the postmaster, omitted the price of subscription.

Not all is bleak. *Nezavisimaya* has been able to re-register after all, and Tretyakov remains editor in chief. "It would have been too much of a scandal," a Moscow friend of mine said about a shut-down. Russian journalists aren't easily cowed these days, and, on the whole, critics of the government and of Boris Yeltsin, such as economist and probable presidential candidate Grigory Yavlinsky, still have broad opportunities to speak their minds. At least in his public stance, Poltoranin has called for the expansion of independent, private media outlets. And as far as other (non-media) civil liberties are concerned, Yeltsin refused last October to sign a decree prepared by some cabinet members that would have abridged civil rights and restored old restrictions on Moscow residency.

In an interview in *Novaya Yezhednevnaya Gazeta* (The New Daily Gazette) in late October, the Russian president reiterated his aversion to dictatorship and authoritarianism, and said, "As long as freedom of the press is preserved, there is assurance that democracy will survive too. . . . We regard the uncensored press as a natural condition." Perhaps the president and his team should put their investigators on the trail of whoever tried to strangle *Nezavisimaya Gazeta*. ❐

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Clueless

by James Bowman

Back in the sixties there was a picture book that appealed to college students who were, like me, of a sensitive disposition It was called *The Family of Man* and consisted of candid photographs of mostly poor and ethnic people from around the world whose combination of exoticism and pathos made you feel warmly sympathetic and superior all at the same time. As the title suggests, the book was designed to boost the one-world ideal that was becoming so disastrously influential at the time, but it could also be considered as a founding document of the New Age consciousness, an early exercise in putting as much psychic space as possible between one's endlessly fascinating self and other people so that it becomes possible to "love" them all. Every one. The whole damn family.

Nowadays, a quarter of a century on, our love has been stretched even further, to encompass the whole "planet"—which word is frequently used to describe the entirety of our experience of the external world in order to diminish it, to pretend to the sort of godlike perspective that the more notorious hallucinogenic drugs are supposed to produce. Ron Fricke and Mark Magidson, the makers of ***Baraka*** (the title is a Sufi word meaning either "spirit" or "blessing"), are among those who are addicted to the sense of power that comes from being patronizing toward the universe. In *Family of Man* style, they provide a wordless tour of evocative places and people around the world in a big, 70mm knockout show designed to create the illusion of escape from human limitations with the help of big nature (mountains, sky, waterfalls) and geometric patterns.

The film aspires to emulate an abstract painting. It eliminates language and drama, and its long, slow pans along a panoramic vista, or zooming into and out of a shot of a face with natural framing (e.g., a door or a window), emphasize the relationship between movement and stasis. The favorite angle is the aerial photo of frenetic or massive movement a long way away and reduced to a kind of screen-saver ballet of abstract motion. Likewise, the music, by Michael Stearns, is typical New Age stuff that sounds like a distant echo of traditional tonality and whose Reichian minimalism provides an accompaniment to the visual imagery that suggests distance, mystery, other-worldliness: the kind of thing they broadcast in a show I used to hear occasionally on my local Public Radio station called "Music from the Hearts of Space."

One of this kind of music's little tricks is to introduce in the midst of its eerie-sounding chords an occasional synthesized boom that sounds like a door slamming in heaven. Unfortunately, it is slamming shut on all hippies and New Agers whose momentary buzz of Olympian detachment is not to be confused with the real world *sub specie aeternitatis*. Nor, for that matter, is the yuppie metaphysics of Bruce Joel Rubin, who wrote the screenplays for *Ghost* and *Jacob's Ladder* and now directs ***My Life***, starring Michael Keaton and Nicole Kidman. Keaton discovers that he has terminal cancer just as his wife has become pregnant with his first and (presumably) only child and decides to make a videotape of his life story while he is still able to get around, so that his son will know something of him after he is gone.

It is a pleasant conceit, but it turns out to be incidental to the film's real concern, which is feel-good spirituality. Far be it from me to quarrel with the words of the Chinese healer, Mr. Ho (Haing S. Ngor), when he tells the dying Keaton that he has to "listen to your heart" and "forgive," which means making peace with the family he has long been ashamed of and quarreling with. Very good advice. But it leaves gaping open certain obvious questions about the mysteries of human life and death and the hereafter. Where is God? Where is Judgment? Where are the Last Things? All we have of them is the triviality of Michael Keaton in a roller coaster, riding no hands into the bright light of eternity, and Mr. Ho's New Age message to look into "the light of self, source of all healing."

You would think that, whatever other impossibilities of faith we might be able to swallow, we would have to be stoned out of our minds to believe that the secrets of eternity are to be found in "the light of self." But there seems no limit to the credulity of the apparently sober New Ager, as the election of Bill Clinton attests. There is a moment in ***The War Room***, D.A. Pennebaker's adulatory cinéma vérité documentary about the 1992 Clinton presidential campaign, when James Carville stands up on election eve, once they know they are going to win, to address the campaign workers. He gets all choked up telling them that they have changed the way that modern political campaigns are run: instead of a rigid hierarchical structure in which the orders came down from on high, they "showed that you could be trusted," he tells them, to do it in their own, New Age way, with everybody doing her or his own thing and everything just sort of working out.

Is this not a curious thing for a man who calls his headquarters "the War Room" to say? This film itself, by portraying Carville and George Stephanopoulos as the Hindenburg and Ludendorff of the campaign, is itself the proof, if proof were needed, that this was no hippie crusade. Carville may have got what he wanted by energy, wit, charisma, and powers of persuasion rather than an authoritarian person-

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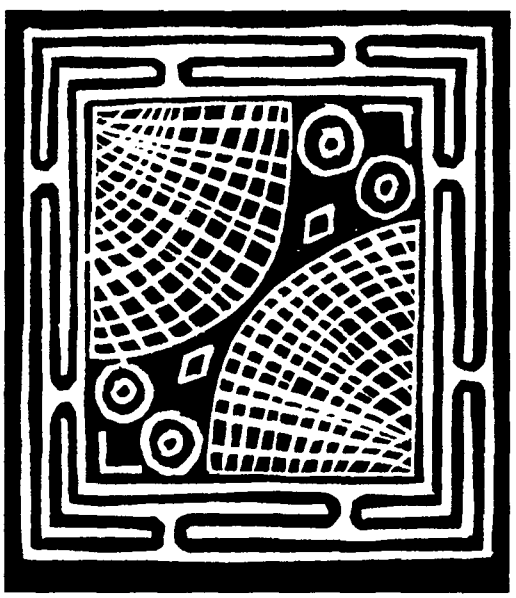
ality or habits of deference in those he led, but he was obviously as much in charge of that campaign as anyone could have been and led it in the direction he knew would take Bill Clinton to the White House. His New Democratic crocodile tears are merely eye-service, the tribute that all Clintonites pay to their old dream of love and equality on their way to a ruthless seizure of power.

Apart from the rhetoric, which fitfully troubles—or inspires—the dreams of power of Bill Clinton or James Carville, the great New Age contribution to national life has been the cult of self-fulfillment, which the film industry has fallen for with even more enthusiasm and dedication than Pennebaker has fallen for the Clinton campaign. Even very well-made films like Steve Kloves's ***Flesh and Bone*** or Jane Campion's ***The Piano***, although they can be admired for the skill with which they say what they have to say, have in the end nothing else to say but that: Personal happiness is good; social constraint, especially that imposed by families or old-fashioned, authoritarian governments, is bad.

It is especially distressing that Miss Campion's beautiful succession of images done in rich Victorian sepia tones is ultimately in the service of nothing more interesting or original than condemnation of the repression of Victorian sexuality and men's treatment of women and white men's treatment of the aboriginal Maoris of New Zealand. Moreover, in a film where everything Victorian is carefully re-created in every detail, there is no effort to disguise the music, which is so important to the film's central characters, as Victorian. Instead it is a driving, minimalist, *Baraka*-like sound that reeks of Windham Hill and the New Age. Because it is so obviously out of place, the conceit of the repressed woman liberated (like her music) by sex (adulterous sex, of course!) looks equally anachronistic.

Another antipodean director, Peter Weir, does rather better with ***Fearless***, a frequently brilliant and moving film which only begins to go wrong when it chooses from among the range of issues it raises to make its main concern the therapeutic indications involved in post-traumatic stress syndrome. Jeff Bridges plays an architect who, having survived a plane crash that kills a large number of people, including his business partner, becomes Fearless. He does absurd and dangerous things in the belief that he is invulnerable—or perhaps that he doesn't care what happens to him, since his revelation in the crash was that the hour of his death had arrived and he wasn't afraid. At one point he crosses a busy street without looking and, having got to the other side, shouts with a laugh to the heavens: "You want to kill me but you can't." Of course that, too, is a dangerous act, tempting to the lightning bolts of the Almighty.

But Jeff doesn't really believe in the Almighty. Having first experienced at age 13, when his father died, the randomness with which death may strike, the crash confirms him in a kind of super-fatalism, a resolute refusal to believe that anyone has any control over his destiny. And, as he tells his fellow crash survivor, played by Rosie Perez, "If it makes no sense, there is no reason to do anything. There is no reason to love." This is a point of view



that deserves to be taken seriously, but Weir treats it as a sickness. It is what lies behind Bridges's extreme emotional detachment and the seemingly insuperable barrier that his near-death experience has erected between himself and his wife, played by Isabella Rossellini, and his small son. He must overcome it by learning to love Rosie and help her over her post-traumatic illness.

Jeff and Rosie do not get laid but they do get well, which is much better among those inclined, like Peter Weir, to trumpet forth the twin triumphs of normality and mental hygiene. I prefer the wry, the witty, the cynical vision of the Movie of the Month, ***Short Cuts***—which is the best thing Robert Altman has done since *Nashville* but without *Nashville*'s political tendentiousness. Like *Nashville*, it involves a huge cast of characters (and the list of fine performances he gets out of his actors is too lengthy to enumerate) whose stories are intricately interwoven. And we are interested in the fate of every one of them. The danger is that it all begins to look rather soap-operaish and melodramatic by the time of the fourth fatality among the film's most pathos-ridden women and children (the slaughter of women, together with the nudity, has contributed to the charge of misogyny against the film). Altman would have profited by a little more focus, but it is also true that his strength is in the diversity of his vignettes, whose cumulative effect is an almost Dickensian portrait of a society.

Also contributing to this impression is a curious sort of unity of character. Although all the characters are clearly individualized, they are united by the fact that they have no direction in their lives and feel vaguely threatened and apprehensive all the time. Their fears have to do with the big world outside—the world of crime and accidents and earthquakes and Malathion spray—but also with inexplicable discontinuities and disasters in their personal relationships. Like Jeff Bridges at his most alienated, the people in this film have no idea why things happen, but, unlike him, they all carry on anyway just as if they did. The best they can hope for is an occasional moment of humor or love or connection, a reaffirmation of a relationship in spite of the incomprehension that engulfs it.

Life, that is, has about it the arbitrariness of the earthquake, which is both climax and anti-climax in the film, so it seems equally pointless to pursue any end passionately—even love. Passion will make enough demands on us without our seeking it out. There is a tired, skeptical, almost nihilistic sensibility behind such a film, which is that of Raymond Carver, on several of whose short stories the film was based, less than it is of Robert Altman. But only Altman could express it with the lightness and humor—bland, flip, cynical—that saves *Short Cuts* from becoming oppressive or despairing. Here, much more than in the New Age *Baraka*—or, indeed, than in any American film you are likely to see these days—here really is the world *sub specie aeternitatis*. ❐

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HELL OF A RIDE: BACKSTAGE AT THE WHITE HOUSE FOLLIES 1989-1993

John Podhoretz

Simon & Schuster / 320 pages / $21

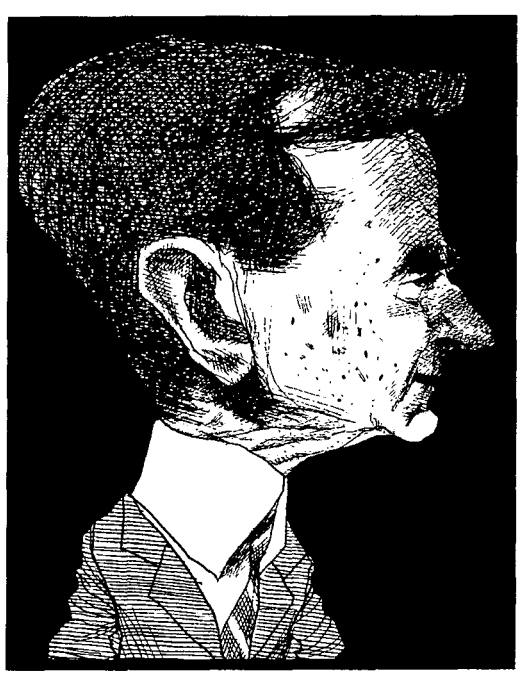
reviewed by RICHARD BROOKHISER

John Podhoretz is a sadist. Only someone who crushes toads with stones would want to make anyone re-live the Bush administration. Podhoretz spent a few months in the Bush administration, as an assistant to drug czar William Bennett. But he has credentials that are even more useful for his purposes—a berth in beltway journalism and a place in the Washington baby boomer apparat. The oubliettes of the West Wing and the Old Executive Office Building were stuffed with friends and acquaintances during the Bush years. This is their story: the valet's-eye view of how their master took the most lopsided military victory since Agincourt and the highest presidential polls since ever, and lost to the Masters of the Universe, Little Rock division.

Podhoretz arranges the story in concentric circles. In the outer ring are the gophers of the Bush administration, as well as his anthropological tidbits of White House life: the cant, the rumors, the frivolous technology (at the Houston convention, one aide, who is unable to get the eye of another standing twenty feet away, dials the White House switchboard on her cellular phone and places a call to his beeper). Working inwards, he introduces us to figures of higher and higher seniority, often stupid (Sam Skinner, Robert Teeter) and, when not stupid, vain and infantile (John Sununu, Richard Darman).

But there was jargon, gossip, and techno-glut in the Reagan White House too, and one could sketch death-dealing portraits of Mike Deaver or Nancy Reagan. Why were the results so different? Ultimately, in politics, as in New Age religion, everyone makes his own karma; no president is punished undeservedly. The prime mover of the Bush White House was George Bush himself. The structural pleasure of *Hell of a Ride*, which moves chronologically, is to watch events stalk the hapless Bush even as Podhoretz closes in on him analytically.

Ideas have consequences; so does the lack of them. Podhoretz explains: "In successful administrations, there is always a dialectic. . . . The ideological fever is tempered by the realities of the political situation, but at the same time efforts are made to change the political dynamic to make it more receptive to the ideas." But because in the Bush administration "nobody—including the president—knew what Bush believed . . . nobody knew what to do or what to think." This thoughtlessness made for confusion: everything was up for negotiation, and impasses dragged on for months. The intellectual vacuum also warped Bush's personality (Podhoretz would say it truly exposed it), as a seemingly self-effacing man—remember all those I-less sentences in Peggy Noonan's 1988 convention speech—talked endlessly about his reactions and moodlets. How could he not? What else was there for him to talk about?



Podhoretz concludes his indictment on a pitch of wrath and scorn. It was "all very well and good for [Bush] to talk about how this is the age of the outstretched hand, but most people in America make less than $40,000 and must support a family of four on that. They want to send their kids to college and own a home and go away on vacation and have a car that runs. They stretch their arms plenty—for their own kids and for the people they know. . . . And they [didn't] need some rich pantywaist from Maine telling them to volunteer their time as though they would just go to Elizabeth Arden all day if they didn't go ladle out soup at a homeless shelter."

Podhoretz's picture of Bush is not untrue, nor is it unfair. But if he had described some of the times Bush shone, he would have made his case even stronger. Bush put Clarence Thomas on the Supreme Court, and never wavered, in four years in the White House, from the pro-life stance he adopted as Ronald Reagan's vice president. How was it that an inconstant man picked these, of all places, to draw the line?

Bush's loyalty to Thomas can be explained by his loyalty to the idea of loyalty. Bush had met Thomas and liked him, so when that which hell hath no fury like broke loose, Bush stood by him—more firmly, in Robert Bork's opinion, than Ronald Reagan stood by Judge Bork. Bush's abortion position baffled me, until a pro-lifer supplied the key: Bush's own son and daughter-in-law, Marvin and Margaret Bush, adopted two children during the eighties. These grandkids would not

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exist unless their birth mothers had chosen life; ergo . . . Ergo nothing, in strict logic. But it was a supremely Bush-like reason for sticking by a position he had almost certainly adopted out of expediency.

None of the silver linings of the Bush years came without an ugly black thunderhead attached. Bush threw away the moral momentum of the Thomas victory by signing the Civil Rights Act of 1991, on the principle of not kicking enemies when they're down. (What better time to kick them?) And Bush was so incapable of communicating the passion of his pro-life sentiments that, as Podhoretz details, his administration spent months pondering whether to grant Oregon a waiver from Medicaid rules that would have allowed it, in effect, to pull the plug on certain high-cost patients by rationing care. For Bush, the right to life had no penumbras.

George Bush was not a cipher. But his inclinations, habits, and virtues had almost no public dimension beyond such content-free traits as service and friendship. There wasn't anything wrong with Bush except his choice of career. ❐

Hell of a Speech

It wasn't just the president—everybody in the White House seemed to be losing it. Somebody—you heard it was Marlin Fitzwater—came up with the notion that the president could bolster consumer confidence by going to a JC Penney near Camp David and buying some socks. You knew the president didn't even carry money with him and hadn't for years; his personal assistant must have handed it to him in the car. The whole event had a Marie Antoinette, "Let them buy socks" quality to it.

Even the good news was turning into bad news. Almost everybody had been excited—and a little nervous—about the coming of Sam Skinner; the place had been in the doldrums ever since Sununu had gotten into trouble in the summer. But almost from the moment Skinner started working, people more senior than you were disappointed. He had a reputation as a can-do, no-bullshit manager, but that's not the impression he's been making. First thing he did was announce that everybody in the White House was expected to work a six-day week—which was, first, deeply insulting, because most White House staffers worked at least sixty hours by the time Saturday and Sunday rolled around, and second, kind of stupid because it violated federal workers' rights law. The edict was canceled almost immediately.

Then the French Breakfast Roll Man began wandering the halls. That was what people called Eugene Croisant, some efficiency expert Skinner brought in to help him restructure the White House. That *really* unnerved everybody. Skinner had, in essence, achieved a lifetime ambition of serving as the chief operating officer of the United States and he needed to hire someone who had never worked in politics to help him figure out how to organize his office?

The French Breakfast Roll Man was especially interested in the workings of your office, and you have to admit that things in speechwriting haven't been too great. The director of communications, Dave Demarest, has been fighting a cold war for months against chief speechwriter Tony Snow. The energetic and cheerful and talented Snow, formerly the editorial-page editor of the *Washington Times,* is nominally Demarest's deputy but came in as Sununu's pet the previous spring. His protected status didn't last long, because he proceeded to break every rule in the Bush White House book. He wrote a University of Michigan commencement address attacking political correctness; the speech made the front page of the *New York Times,* which was good, but Tony was named as its author above the fold, which was considered bad form. He also succeeded in angering national security adviser Scowcroft on Bush's swing through the former Soviet Union in the summer, because he was finishing speeches late. In addition, one careless phrase of Snow's uttered in an address in Ukraine warning against "suicidal nationalisms" created an international furor and came to be known as the "Chicken Kiev" speech.

At the end of the year, Tony was called away to devote all his energies to the 1992 State of the Union address, which had become an incredibly important speech: All the administration spin doctors had told the press that the president was waiting until January 28, 1992, to announce all his great plans to stimulate the economy and save America. Tony told you and everybody else that he was one of only five people who actually knew what was going into the State of the Union—the others were the president, Skinner, Darman, and pollster Bob Teeter, who was soon to take over the reins of the re-election campaign.

It was going to be a revolutionary State of the Union, Tony said. No laundry list of proposals, but rather a "thematic" address about America and its future. The speech was so closely held that he did not allow others in the office to make suggestions about sound-bites and ideas. Nor did he deliver his draft until five days before the president was to read it before both houses of Congress. The president took one look at the draft and disliked it. Whereupon Tony called a rush meeting of his staff. "There have been some questions raised about the draft that's circulating right now," he said. "I'd very much appreciate your ideas and concepts for beefing it up, and if you could have them on my desk in two hours, because I hear they've brought in Peggy Noonan to work on it . . ."

Peggy Noonan. This was the ultimate Washington black mark—Bush had gone outside to America's most famous speechwriter. You and the rest of the staff wanted no part of this one, and gave him desultory help, not more. Finally, the speech was touched up some by Noonan, and it went . . . okay. Which meant, given the buildup, that it was a failure.

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POLITICAL LIBERALISM

John Rawls

Columbia University Press / 416 pages / $32.50

reviewed by MAURICE CRANSTON

In 1971, the Harvard philosopher John Rawls published *A Theory of Justice*, regarded, with good reason, as one of the most important American contributions to political philosophy of the present century. Rawls set out to provide a moral alternative to utilitarianism as a basis for political judgment and to do so at the highest level of academic reasoning. Indeed, in the earlier sections of that book, Rawls seemed to be re-stating for a more positivistic age the central argument of Locke's thesis, that every individual has a natural right to the most extensive liberty compatible with the same liberty being enjoyed by others. Such is classical liberalism, in its sense as a theory of politics centered on the supreme value of liberty.

However, Rawls's theory was not ultimately a theory of liberty but, as he correctly called it, a theory of justice. And by justice Rawls meant "social justice"—that is, a theory of social arrangements and not a theory of law. He summed this up as "justice as fairness." His principle was a simple one: that social and economic inequalities in the nation should be so arranged as to be of the greatest benefit to the least advantaged.

Rawls's chosen audience at the time he wrote *A Theory of Justice* was one of specialists and students in political philosophy. But no sooner had the book appeared than politicians and publicists took it up as a "philosophical foundation" for the Democratic Party in particular and American progressive opinion in general—urging that liberals stop concentrating on the ideal of freedom and start promoting "social justice" by government action to level out wealth.

Rawls himself seems to have been somewhat taken aback to discover that what he had supposed to be a set of universal principles was being read as a kind of American testament, but instead of refining the academic character of his theory, and continuing to interrogate his immortal predecessors Hobbes and Locke and Kant, he fell into the trap of trading arguments with the ideologues and furthering their political ends.

Sadly, Rawls's new book *Political Liberalism* is *A Theory of Justice* rewritten as ideology. It has none of the distinction and originality of the earlier work. *Political Liberalism* is perhaps an odd title, since all liberalism is political; a better title would have been "Social Liberalism," for the liberalism it advocates is that of John Kenneth Galbraith and Ronald Dworkin.

Rawls once again uses the method of reconstructing in imagination an "original social contract" that people might make together if, without any knowledge of the position each would occupy in a civil society, they were to design its social and economic order. Behind what Rawls calls "the veil of ignorance," neither you nor I would know what talents we should possess or what riches; we would simply stipulate, as rational beings, what the principles of distribution in that state would be. Rawls argues that we should each and all opt for an arrangement which would ensure the "basic" rights and liberties of each individual and call for material goods to be distributed in such a way that those with the least would be compensated by income redistribution up to the point where the disincentive effects of further transfers would diminish wealth creation. In short, on this argument, the rational man will opt for a market economy regulated by the state so that there may be no great winners and no great losers.

A criticism often addressed to Rawls is that he has a very eighteenth-century conception of rational man. He does not consider that real people might be motivated less by rational calculations than by passions such as love, greed, aggression, or fear, as most philosophers since the French Revolution have believed. He does not consider that real people might prefer to gamble on a system in which the winner takes all rather than settle for one in which winnings are shared with others. He does not see that in the real world, policies of income redistribution have been found to encroach on what he defends as "basic liberties."

Moreover, in this new book the delicately woven reasoning of *A Theory of Justice* tends to give way to argument by assertion. The "rational" or the "reasonable" person is simply the person who agrees with Professor Rawls. Let me give one example: his treatment of the question of abortion. "Any comprehensive doctrine," he writes "that leads to a balance of political values excluding the duly qualified right of a woman to end her pregnancy during the first trimester is to that extent unreasonable."

Plainly this is to denounce as "unreasonable" a view that at least half the civilized world entertains, and which most moral philosophers down the ages have upheld. It is to denounce as "unreason-

Maurice Cranston, who died in London on November 5, was professor emeritus of political science at the London School of Political Science and the author of books on John Locke and Jean-Jacques Rousseau.

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able" anyone who logically derives from Rawls's own theory of basic rights the conclusion that the right to life has priority over the right to liberty. Indeed, even if Rawls did not assign such priority to the right to life, a right to abortion must be excluded by his basic principle of the right to liberty, since abortion, if nothing worse, incontrovertibly limits the liberty of the fetus. I myself think that abortion can sometimes be justified as a lesser evil, but only on the utilitarian grounds that Rawls repudiates; there can be no justifying abortion on a theory of natural right.

Rawls is not a socialist, nor could he be as an exponent of basic liberties. He proclaims himself a follower of Benjamin Constant in prizing the "liberty of the moderns" (i.e., the right to live as one chooses unmolested by those in authority) over the "liberty of the ancients" (i.e., the positive freedom of full-time participation in the life of politics). On the other hand, his insistence that social and economic inequalities must be arranged to the greatest benefit of the least advantaged is a call for the state to transform itself from an instrument of law into a redistributor of material goods.

In the first chapter of *Political Liberalism*, Rawls seems to accept the view of the English conservative philosopher Michael Oakeshott, that a state—or "civil association"—must be understood as a moral association and not as an enterprise association, that is to say, as an association which lays down the rules within which its citizens may severally pursue their ends, not an association pursuing specific ends of its own, such as the creation of a better world. Rawls says something very much like this when he insists that a "well-ordered democratic society" is not a community, not a "society governed by a shared comprehensive religious, political or moral doctrine," nor is it an association in the sense of a society to which anyone adheres in order to further a certain purpose. Entry into democratic society is closed, "in that entry into it is only by birth and exit only by death" and "it has no final ends in the way that persons or associations do."

It is strange that in having made this crucial distinction Rawls does not follow Oakeshott in seeing that a state—whether called a civil association or a well-ordered democratic society—cannot, thus defined, promote social justice or perform distributive duties because, as Oakeshott puts it, the state has nothing to distribute. A formal "distribution" of rights—which is what Rawls seems to agree to be the state's function—in no way involves a substantive distribution of powers, opportunities, or property. Rawls's "political liberalism" is thus a formula not for liberation but for punitive taxation, income transfers, and all the other instruments of paternalistic bureaucracy that have characterized the welfare state since World War II. ❐

A WOMAN'S VIEW: HOW HOLLYWOOD SPOKE TO WOMEN, 1930-1960

Jeanine Basinger

Alfred A. Knopf / 528 pages / $30

reviewed by FLORENCE KING

Every woman of a certain age has a bone to pick with the movies. Feminists, bone-pickers par excellence, naturally do the lioness's share of it, but no woman is immune. Movies have made fools of us all at some point in our lives, usually—but not always—in adolescence. They threw us off track, made us guilty enough about something or other to try to become what we were not and never could be, and we harbor a compulsion to explain how it happened.

There is absolutely no need for another book about women 'n' movies, but they're fun to read. *A Woman's View* is especially so, and unusually well-written to boot. True, it contains a few dippy sentiments and theories, but that's the whole point, you see. No woman who grew up in the heyday of American movies is quite right in the head.

Jeanine Basinger, a film studies professor at Wesleyan University, is about the same vintage as your reviewer, and therefore just as warped. Well, almost. I identified with the Gene Tierney character in *Leave Her to Heaven* and she didn't, but she asked her mother why Mildred Pierce went back to her dopey husband instead of getting a new boyfriend, so in our separate ways we prove the theme of her book: Female moviegoers in Hollywood's golden age were not the passive, obedient zombies that feminists like to claim. We may have been distracted by inchoate romantic yearning, but we also came away from the Bijou with ideas we were not supposed to have. In other words, you didn't have to fall for it.

Of course Hollywood preached an anti-feminist message, Basinger says patiently, but look how they did it. "When morality has to dramatize its own opposite to make its point, the opposite takes on a life of its own." Maybe the heroine does give up her career in the last five minutes of the film, but for the first eighty-five the audience saw her running the world. They might have absorbed a traditionalist mes-

Florence King's first book, Southern Ladies and Gentlemen *(1975), was reissued recently by St. Martin's Press. She is a regular columnist for* National Review.

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sage when the leading man chided, "You're not a woman, Dr. Frisby, you're a machine," but they also absorbed a liberating view of female success and independence that stayed in their minds like orgy scenes in religious epics.

Taking issue with feminist film critics who pin the blanket label of "self-sacrifice" on anti-career movies, Basinger offers a testy reminder:

> As I have repeated often enough, a woman's film, in order to tell its story, has to present a central character of great importance who is out in the world doing something. Since movies encouraged audiences to identify with characters or dream about having the same experiences as were shown on the screen, women were inevitably going to project themselves into situations in which they got out and did something. To sacrifice herself . . . she must have enough to make the sacrifice interesting—i.e., something to lose. This showed female audiences a woman of importance.

In *Old Acquaintance*, Bette Davis is a spinster careerist who accepts society's view that a woman cannot serve two masters, and resigns herself to the single life for the sake of her work. Her old friend, portrayed by Miriam Hopkins, is a married woman with a child who tries to Have It All, only to learn the hard way that a career always interferes with family life.

Both women become best-selling authors and both end up alone, but the audience knows that Davis is used to being alone, and they see Hopkins getting used to it with remarkable resiliency. In the final scene,

> The two women toast each other with champagne as the camera moves back to reveal what will happen to women who don't accept love or their natural female roles in life. They will be alone—but, of course, they will also be extremely wealthy, well dressed, sought after, successful, and they will be drinking champagne.

Movie heroines not only ran the world, they occasionally destroyed it, or at least that part of it that threatened them. In *Dragon Seed*, Katharine Hepburn as Jade is the ultimate nonconformist, a Chinese feminist, a figure more at odds with her society than an American feminist could possibly be. Feminist film critics ought to love her, but because she flirts her way into the Japanese army kitchen, they get so exercised over her use of "woman's wiles" to get into a "woman's place" that they fail to give female viewers credit for understanding that she succeeded in poisoning the entire regiment.

"Were we a nation of goons forty years ago, who never noticed any subtexts?" Basinger asks. "Film scholarship has a way of making current analysts out to be geniuses, with the audiences of former times cast as idiots."

In general, Basinger believes, feminist movie criticism is skewed by too much attention to the *film noir*. She also takes our vaunted Age of Information to task; when too many over-educated and over-analytical people start combing through old movies, they over-complicate what was actually very simple when Basinger was going to the picture show back in South Dakota:

> Women could ruin their lives—get free of everything—down at the movie house for twenty-five cents with butter on their popcorn. What was even more wonderful, no one cared. There were no articles written on the subject of "What Is Gold Lamé Doing to Our Mothers?" or "Will George Brent Destroy Civilization?" Society didn't feel threatened.

One reason for society's blasé attitude was that women, lacking the Walter Mitty syndrome, tailor their fantasies to fit their real-life situations, as they did when they saw the Depression-era hit, *It Happened One Night*. "They might not be able to find a Clark Gable of their own," writes Basinger, "but they certainly could get a guy with no undershirt."

Basinger is at her wittiest when she analyzes the wildly popular twin-sister movies in which the same actress played both parts. Here was "choice" beyond feminism's wildest dreams. Olivia de Havilland in *Dark Mirror* or *A Stolen Life* with Bette Davis gave women a chance to be Good Sister, Bad Sister, Bad Sister impersonating Good Sister, and Good Sister mistaken for Bad Sister. "There's two of her!" screamed the poster, heralding a frenzy of having-it-all in which Bad Sister sleeps around and wears great clothes until she drowns, whereupon Good Sister inherits her hus-

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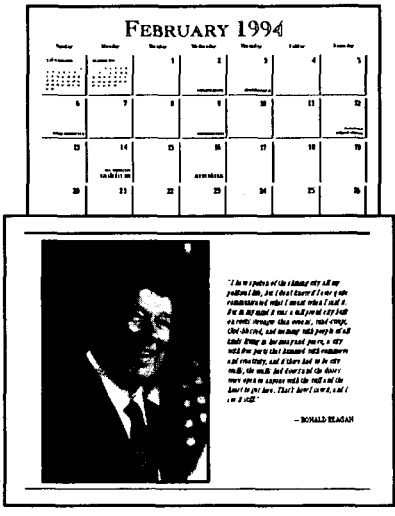

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band and her dog, only one of whom is smart enough to tell the difference.

The trio plot boiled choices down to real basics. *How To Marry a Millionaire* is about a good girl, a smart girl, and a bad girl; representing love and marriage, career, and the primrose path, or as Basinger puts it: "doing it the right way for a living, doing it the wrong way for a living, and just doing it for a living."

Naturally the movies did a lot of paternalistic preaching about good girls vs. bad girls, but shrewd viewers saw through the hackneyed props—e.g., "gum chewing becomes an effective shorthand for: she does something physical with great enthusiasm." Even funnier was the title card producers used for warning women away from really execrable behavior: "This is a story of evil. An evil woman who destroys all she touches. . . ." Bette Davis, of course, was the queen of the title card.

Basinger nails the closet elitism of feminists who are forever touting Katharine Hepburn's strength. "Hepburn could afford her strength. She was rich. She had a family to back her up." Women like Crawford, Davis, Stanwyck, and Rogers, on the other hand, had no one to rely on but themselves. Especially Crawford, who flopped in heiress roles because supposedly unsophisticated audiences "sniffed out the common clay in her":

> Much has been written about how Hollywood exploited women, but most of these women would have had miserable lives without their stardom. . . . In Hollywood, they had their own money and their own clout, and not all of them went down the drain. . . . The stars who play the American woman made her strong and capable both on and off the screen.

If movies have been good for women and women have been good for movies, what is there to complain about? Basinger gives us a hint:

> In movies about women, all important historical and natural events are translated into the terms of a woman's daily life. World War I is not about the Allies versus the Kaiser. It's about how unmarried women become pregnant when they have sex. The Depression is not about an economic collapse. It's about runs in stockings, no money for carfare, and being forced out onto the streets. Natural disasters like earthquakes and cholera epidemics are defined by miscarriages and dying children. Everything is couched in terms of what are presumed to be the major events of a woman's life.

This passage supports her thesis that movies have made women feel their lives are important and exciting, but to this reviewer it also describes the current feminization of American life. The news increasingly consists of "soft" features and "people stories," economics is about the two-career family, and foreign policy is driven by pictures of dying children. What started at the Bijou is now public policy. ❐

PICASSO AND DORA: A PERSONAL MEMOIR

James Lord

Farrar, Straus & Giroux / 340 pages / $35

reviewed by M. D. CARNEGIE

On three-day leave from duty as an intelligence officer in World War II, with the Nazis in retreat but the horror of the Ardennes yet a fortnight away, James Lord alit from a train in the Gare Saint-Lazare. It was his first visit to Paris. Homosexual since having been introduced to the predilection as a youth in quite another Paris—the one in Maine—Lord had cultivated a passion for painting in the Museum of Modern Art, on periodic visits to New York to attend to his teeth, the local dentist having been deemed unfit for Lord's aristocratic mandible. With only seventy-two hours to spare and nought but his impetuousness to recommend him, the young officer found his way to the rue des Grands-Augustins, number 7, and presented himself at the studio of the painter Pablo Picasso. Jaime Sabartés, Picasso's secretary and majordomo, invited him in, and when Lord stumbled nervously, Sabartés mistakenly assumed he'd been wounded in the war. Lord allowed the error to pass uncorrected, an instantaneous decision that doubtless served only to better marshal the secretary's favor. For consistency's sake he limped away on his departure, as well as upon his return two days later—when Sabartés had promised Lord a private audience with the boss.

They met over the artist's breakfast, wartime exigencies limiting Picasso to two pieces of bread and a bowl of coffee. Embarrassed at not having thought to bring along some of his officer's booty, the young soldier anyway made enough of an impression that Picasso invited him to visit again soon. And Lord did, three days later, serendipitously having missed the train to reassignment in Brittany. This time he brought a musette bag full of goodies—including a pencil and drawing paper, which he presented to the artist with a request for a portrait. Picasso assented, promising to execute the drawing over lunch. They dined at a black market restaurant with the artist's mistress, and this was how James Lord met Dora Maar.

Having contrived to get his portrait done by the world-famous Picasso, Lord was nevertheless unsatisfied with the sketch, and afterwards tampered with the drawing by adding three lines of his own. Maar was noticeably cool to him throughout the meal. Picasso executed another drawing on the paper table-covering, and before the three prepared to leave, she neatly cut it out, rolled it up, and put it in her bag. The master smiled, and the party left without being presented a bill.

M. D. Carnegie is a contributing writer for Washington CityPaper.

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Lord's frank and engrossing memoir recounts what happened to them all after that December afternoon. Picasso's goings-on, of course, were plastered all over newspapers worldwide. Lord, charmed for good by Paris and the life he found there, returned after the war to write mediocre novels, broker the odd work of art, cultivate the company of artists famed and obscure, and make love to students and soldiers. And Maar, who had been a mistress of the erotic philosopher Georges Bataille and a photographer connected with the original Surrealists, fell apart after Picasso dumped her, entered psychoanalysis with Jacques Lacan, and steadily retreated into her Catholic faith, the Vaucluse house the artist had given her, and a mesmerizing and unconsummated affair with James Lord.

"An aptitude for pretense," Lord writes of his limping deception of Picasso and Sabartés, "and a readiness to resort to the virtue of false appearances might have seemed to present problems beyond the competence of a young man utterly unversed in the manipulations of point of view that art takes for granted." But Lord seems always to have been possessed of the soul of the artist, and his sympathy for artistic perspective and temperament—and his facility for limning their allure—steeps this memoir in fascination and grace. Blessed with a certain income and the aristocrat's birthright of laziness, Lord might have been content merely to live as a *bon vivant*, making love and conversation, sipping raspberry cocktails with Somerset Maugham, rubbing elbows with genius, and collecting the art of the known and the soon-to-be.

But there are souls for whom art is so powerful that no order of common truth, no simple mediocrity can suffice them. They enjoy, or suffer, a magnificent magnification of the senses, and their every gesture is a realization of an inner vision, a wonderment at hue and texture, space and shapeliness. It is a sensory hypertrophy, daunting to those who lack it—Lord recounts his awe that on a country road once, Picasso identified him as he passed in the opposite direction at over 60 m.p.h.—but an imbalance nevertheless. Those who possess it might just as fairly be said to be afflicted with it; they are not souls inseparably allied to the truth, given to prompt payment of debts, or prone to much else we associate with the virtues. The organizing principle of their lives guides perception, not action—what they take in, in other words, not what they give out.

So Lord, keenly aware that the falsehood of his limp may have played a great role in the coup of currying the artist's favor, claimed to Picasso that the portrait he'd executed had suffered a misfortune. The artist made another, as if in payment for another of Lord's prevarications. Indeed, "an aptitude for pretense" seemed a necessary skill in Lord's newfound world; it was Picasso, after all, who had claimed art is a lie that makes us realize the truth.

Those not inclined to see this as other

than sophistry will be put off by Lord's forthright account of the trio's lives. Picasso was a bounder, an egomaniac, a cruel and self-absorbed monster. He "borrowed" the house he gave Maar to take another girlfriend there. He humiliated his former mistress in public, treating her abominably in front of friends, and once sent her a hideously ugly chair he'd bought, knowing she'd cherish it as a gift from the master. And Dora was a troubled penitent, niggardly, aggrandized by her role as mistress to the greatest artist of the century, and insecure about her failure to find another role afterward. She gave Lord a small Picasso sculpture, then took it back; in their travels she made him pay for most everything, though she possessed a priceless collection of art—mostly Picassos.

But what ultimately redeems this tale is Lord's richness of vision, a sympathy for the complexity of existence that lifts this memoir to the level of which Lord for so long dreamed—that of art. *Picasso and Dora* is a seductive evocation of the rough texture of experience, the awfulness that accompanies one man's brilliant vision, the beauty that visits upon another's laziness. As did his ancestor Patrick Henry, Lord chose liberty, and found it in the freedom of Paris and the thrilling unrestraint of its bohemian life.

Like most Americans, however, Lord was ultimately commonsensical about politics. When the Soviet tanks rolled into Hungary in 1956, Lord wrote a bristling open letter to Picasso, whom he no longer saw, demanding that he denounce the Communist Party he'd belonged to for more than a decade. Albert Camus's journal *Combat* published the letter, which read in part:

> You have chosen to live before the world. And it is the world today which is going to judge your life. Can you remain silent while the cries of patriots and the screams of innocent victims echo still among the ruins of Budapest? Can the painter of *Guernica* remain indifferent to the martyrdom of Hungary? If so, I say to you that the world can remain indifferent before *Guernica*.

Heartfelt and accurate enough, the letter was perhaps a last gasp of homespun naïveté in the sophisticated environs of artistic Europe. Had Lord not really learned that art was a lie? Alberto Giacometti, a friend who privately criticized Picasso's politics, was outraged. Marie-Lavre de Noailles said, "You have disparaged the honor of a Spaniard."

Besides Picasso, though, only Dora's opinion of his action mattered to him. They had both worshiped Picasso, elevated him to a deity, and come to love each other in their quirky, unresolved fashion. But they had separated, as well, Lord having sent a lengthy litany of complaints to her before his open letter to Picasso. Two years later, when Maar had a new exhibition of her work, Lord attended the opening and purchased a painting, knowing they were not selling well and that the dealer would tell Maar the buyer's name.

It is a poignant image, the American

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who'd become a self-styled aesthete, surrounded by the soigné set of *tout Paris* who once adored him and now reviled him for his heresy. Lord had bought the mediocre painting as a gesture of kindness, but in opposition to the artistes he had already placed his feet firmly on the side of the political. He looked everywhere for Maar. Finally he caught her eye and held out his hand, thinking she'd let ideological bygones be bygones. "My poor James," she said, grasping it. "You're determined to turn the whole world against you, aren't you?" Then, she let go and walked away, adding, "It's a pity." She's doubtless doubly mortified now; she still lives in the Vaucluse, in the house Picasso bought her. ❐

A DIFFERENT PERSON: A MEMOIR

James Merrill

Alfred A. Knopf/271 pages/$25

reviewed by CHRISTOPHER CAHILL

James Merrill's eminence among contemporary poets, ratified as it is by an ever increasing burden of awards and distinctions, is still enigmatic, uncertain. Not that there is any question of his ability or his achievements—in addition to *The Changing Light at Sandover*, the long poem of our time most likely to last, he has written a body of extraordinary lyrics of passion and experience. Helen Vendler refers to him as one of our "necessary poets." Harold Bloom calls him "indisputably a verse artist comparable to Milton, Tennyson, and Pope. Surely he will be remembered as the Mozart of American poetry."

Merrill, then, is a national treasure, but of what nation? Like Henry James and Wallace Stevens, he is the sort of American writer who seems foreign to many merely by virtue of his social position and the undemocratic elegance of his art. In fact, as he says himself, he is "as American as lemon chiffon pie." In his poetry, Merrill has drawn on his personal dramas with growing candor and conversational élan, without any sacrifice of metrical virtuosity, making art "out of the life lived, out of the love spent." Now, in a memoir written at the age of 66, he has decided to consider those dramas at greater length.

He evades some of the pitfalls of autobiography (endless childhood, the boring accretion of accomplishments) by concentrating on a few years in late youth when, just out of college, he was living in Europe, undergoing psychoanalysis, trying to become a writer. "Who needs the full story of any life?" Merrill asks. "Biologists are learning how to reconstruct the complete organism from a cluster of cells; the part implies the whole."

This is a canny and innovative approach to the memoir as a form. Through the warm and concentrated attention it pays to a few years, *A Different Person* gives us not only a portrait of the artist as a young man, but, in glimpses, the whole of a remarkable life, from a privileged childhood in a broken home through a long love affair with language. In italicized sections at the end of each chapter, he looks back on his youth from the vantage of experience, considering it with the necessary charity and a certain amusement. "The proper volume for self-assertion," Merrill writes, "is hard to gauge at twenty-five; if a whisper goes ignored, try a howl of pain."

Merrill's circumstances were peculiar for two reasons: money and talent. Less unusual but more troubling was his homosexuality, an elusive "cure" for which he pursued through much of the period described in this book. His father was a founding partner of Merrill-Lynch, and the disadvantages of privilege, difficult to complain of as they are, bothered him greatly at the time:

> The best intentioned people, knowing whose son I was and powerless against their own snobbery, could set me withering under attentions I had done nothing to merit. So I looked forward to distancing myself from all that . . . in places where the family name cut no ice, the firm had no branch office, and I might, if need be, like the Duke of Mantua in *Rigoletto*, pass myself off as a poor student.

In place of such limiting providence, Merrill wanted to find for himself a life which would imitate art of the high, operatic variety—and which would allow him, in turn, to create art of his own. Already a poet of prodigious technical facility, Merrill, before leaving for Europe, realized that his poems "remained verbal artifacts, metered and rhymed to be sure, shaped and polished and begemmed, but set on the page with never a thought of their being uttered by a living voice."

This period in Europe was a dry spell for Merrill as a writer, but in the searching and feints at self-revelation that characterize it, there is a foreshadowing of both the matter and the material of much of his finest later work. Though there is some of each, this memoir does not rely on either gossip or shop talk, tracing gracefully instead the line of personality drawn between the social life and the private, professional life of the artist. Merrill's psychoanalytic sessions in postwar Rome with a certain Dr. Detre, an Austrian Jew waiting for his American visa, provides an ironic narrative framework. "The war's end," Merrill writes, "which found me eager for wicked, blackened old Europe, found him—the rest of whose family had disappeared at Auschwitz—among those millions dreaming of a passport to freedom."

Nothing dates like an eternal truth, and it is alarming to read about the faith Merrill placed in the arcane Freudian mythology of the time. In the end, though, there is something touching and even impressive about the discipline and depth of the antiquated form of therapy these

Christopher Cahill is the editor of the Recorder, *a journal of the American Irish Historical Society.*

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two practice together, especially when contrasted, as it is by Merrill, with the flaky New Age hybrid of complaint and self-congratulation that is its successor.

Their relationship is necessarily one-sided, with the patient describing to the doctor—and intermittently to the reader—his family problems, his romantic problems, dreams only the dreamer could love. But the solid, droll character of Dr. Detre is a perfect foil for the quicksilver of Merrill's own personality. The other central figures—parents, lovers, friends, extended family—are given weight and dramatic presence by their place in the inset narrative of this extended, therapeutic conversation. For it was not only Merrill himself who was eager to make himself into a different person. There was a strong pressure from his mother to repress his sexuality, and a weaker one from his father to enter the family business; there was the high society in which he was raised with its not wholly unappealing constraints. Among the many pieces of wisdom in this book, most impressive perhaps is Merrill's demonstration that such pressures are most often and most profitably not deflected but absorbed and rewritten, so that the son, ostensibly different in the extreme from his parents, can find the traits of each woven almost imperceptibly through the pattern of his life.

It is heartening and delightful to see the artistic process neither mystified nor belittled but demonstrated, made real without fanfare or display. Among the many gems of the book, there is a detailed description of the mosaics at Ravenna that is not only a masterpiece of descriptive writing but also a lesson in how, with proper ardor and attention, a work of art can reveal its viewer to himself:

> The profusion of motifs, their vigor by now a reflex long past thought, gives out a sense of peace and plenty in the lee of history's howling gale. It isn't the creeds or the crusades they tell of, but the relative eternity of villas, interior decoration, artisans, the centuries of intelligence in fingers not twenty years old. . . . For this morning hour in San Vitale I feel like the aborigine who can describe all the people and animals who have traveled a road, just from whatever grows along its edge.

Even if Merrill has spoken of prose as "a mildly nightmarish medium," this burnished and inventive memoir shows him as one of its contemporary masters. ❐

CORRESPONDENCE

(continued from page 10)

get. Clearly the American public is in no mood to tolerate new U.S. casualties in the Middle East; a Somalia-like stampede to retreat from the Golan will inevitably ensue, leaving the Golan completely in Syrian hands. Thus will Israel be left without the Golan, and without American "protection." Is it sensible for the U.S. to pressure Israel into making risky territorial concessions on the Golan in exchange for "security guarantees" that are unlikely to be fulfilled if the fat hits the fire?

—Herbert Zweibon, Chairman
Americans for a Safe Israel
New York, New York

What Happened at the Top

As producer with my late brother of *Room at the Top*, I refer to the reference to our film in your interesting article in your magazine dated October (John Simon's review of Catherine David's *Simone Signoret*, *TAS*, October 1993).

The paragraph on page 74 is incorrect. What happened was that my brother and I had wanted to cast Vivien Leigh in the film, but she was unavailable due to other commitments. We happened to be lunching with our friend, the distinguished director Peter Glenville, and chatted about this problem and the difficulty of obtaining a British actress of similar importance. He suggested that we might instead engage one of the highly successful European actresses.

We considered several of the French and Italian actresses who were then so popular, and decided to send the script to Simone Signoret. We explained to her that the film was to be directed by Jack Clayton, who although he had never before directed a feature film, had been associated with us for some years as a production executive, and in fact the year before had directed a half-hour film for us called *The Bespoke Overcoat*, which had won an Oscar in its category as well as other major awards at film festivals.

Simone telephoned us to say that she liked the script very much and would be interested to do the film, but would first like to meet the director and us. The meeting went extremely well, and the result was the film which was highly successful and won international acclaim including two Oscars, one for Simone Signoret and one for the screenwriter, Neil Paterson, as well as nominations for Best Picture, Best Director, Best Actor, and Best Supporting Actress.

So the quotation from the book, which I haven't seen, was correct and the review was erroneous in this respect.

—Sir John Woolf
London, UK

We've Met the Enemy

Just finished reading P.J. O'Rourke's "Collective Guilt"; otherwise known as the fifth annual New Enemies List (*TAS*, November 1993). Since the reading(s) were during lunch, I must confess to a dessert of double-strength Maalox. It would seem reformed Communists and all their red-shirttailed socialist cousins have yet another shot at creating a utopian society. . . . . *—Tom Steele*
Fountain Valley, California

I absolutely loved "Collective Guilt" by P.J. O'Rourke—a timely piece. I would suggest, however, the title is in error. It should have been titled "Collective Rage." *We the people* are enraged by the Clintonites and their extreme arrogance toward the citizens of this once-great nation. I for one appreciated the opportunity to share in the rage of "Collective Guilt" and all the while having a good laugh! Thanks again! *—Philip Rusin*
Napa, California

P.J. O'Rourke's roast of "The Worst Enemies Ever" was delightful. After reading it thrice, I sent in my renewal for 1,000 years and a gift for one son for 6 months, his attention span. . . .

—Lorne E. O'Brien
Palos Verdes Estates, California

I am a conservative Republican. Last year, in an attempt to locate a publication that publishes thoughtful conservative responses to current events, I purchased subscriptions from *The American Spectator*, the *Conservative Chronicle*, and *National Review*.

All of these periodicals have their strong points, but I decided that my reading time and my budget would only allow me to renew two of the subscriptions this year. I was in a quandary over which two to choose, until I received my November 1993 issue of *The American Spectator*. P.J. O'Rourke's article settled the matter. Though I wish you and your organization

(continued on page 70)

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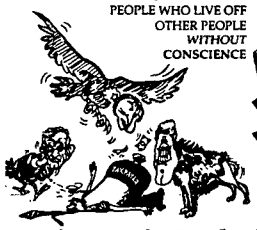

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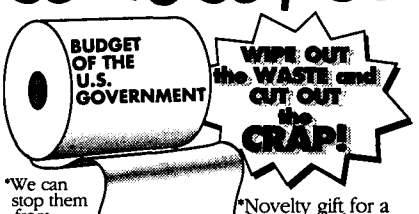

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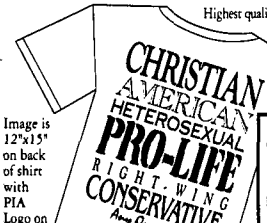

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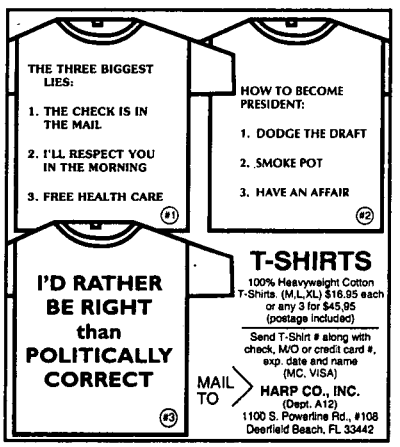
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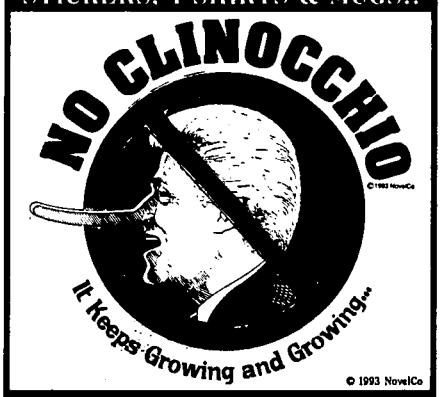

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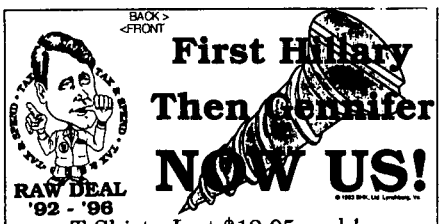

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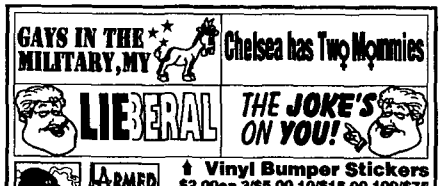

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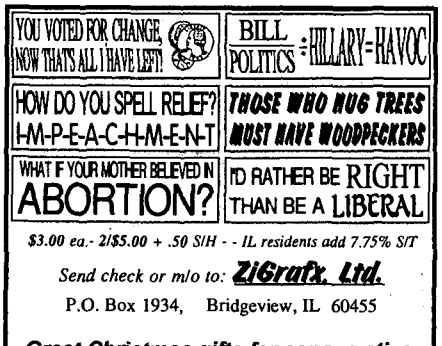
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CORRESPONDENCE

(continued from page 65)

well, I will not be renewing my subscription with *TAS*. I was greatly troubled by Mr. O'Rourke's self-indulgent vocabulary and by your decision to print such unpalatable material. —*Devrun L. Ellerman*
Williamsburg, Kansas

Rubbed the Wrong Way

I am writing in response to your editorial "Father Higgins, RIP," which appeared in the November 1993 issue of *The American Spectator*.

I find it quite ironic that early in that editorial you display the audacity to refer to "boob journalists," colleagues you harshly criticize for taking a perspective that differs from your own. I am reminded of the expression with which you should be familiar, "It takes one to know one."

Several paragraphs later you exercised a very "liberal" and most shoddy and unprofessional style of reporting when you so recklessly, abusively, and inaccurately made reference to "a couple of liberal Catholic priests who offer therapeutic massages at the Indiana University Catholic student center. The priests claim to be trained masseuses [Please note: A masseuse is a feminine practitioner. Are you thinking the Roman Catholic Church has women priests? Try "masseur."] possessing wondrous powers over diligently fingered bodies and souls."

Could you please tell me what it was that possessed you to report in such a way? What was your intent (a critical component, by the way, in determining moral culpability)? Your reporting here is significantly misleading and terribly erroneous. Do you ever bother to check out the accuracy of things you report? Are you concerned about fact or only the fiction of your own personal opinion? Talk about "boob journalists"! It seems that your forte is vitriolic distortion. I resent having to waste my time with such arrogance, closed-mindedness, and somaphobia as you personify. But, such maligning and inferior reporting warrants a resounding response of disapproval. You really should be ashamed of such nasty tactics. I will continue to hope that you may one day discover the importance and value of honesty, justice, and charity.

I also want to comment on your frequent and "liberal" use of the term, "orthodoxy"; you use it in most unortho-

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dox and inclusive (God forbid!) ways, not unlike so many immature people today use the word "love" while not possessing a clear and appropriate definition of the term. Your vocabulary is not nearly so strong as you seem inclined to muse.

Finally, allow me to do you a kindness, to save you some money. Quit sending your complimentary copy of *The American Spectator* to St. Paul Catholic Center. We always discard it before it can pollute the minds of the truly decent people who attend here in great and growing numbers, a community with whom you could find so little in common. And, in case you're curious, your editorial was brought to my attention by an understandably concerned friend.

—Father Kimball J. Wolf, Co-pastor
St. Paul's Catholic Center
at Indiana University
Bloomington, Indiana

P.S. Be advised that, if something like this occurs again, we will pursue matters through our attorney.

The Choice Is Ours

Charlotte Allen's anti-school choice essay is filled with errors ("Choice: A Burkean Dissent," *TAS*, November 1993), of which I'll address the most egregious.

Our school-choice lawsuits in Chicago and Los Angeles seek to apply simple consumer rules to the school marketplace. Taxpayers entrust billions of dollars to the public schools, and in exchange most state constitutions guarantee basic educational opportunities. The schools to which the low-income youngsters we represent are consigned are crime-infested educational cesspools. Our remedy would transfer control over the funds allocated for these youngsters' education to the parents, allowing them to secure quality education for their children outside the public schools.

Contrary to Allen's baseless assertion, we do not seek in any way to disturb local control over public schools or to inject the judiciary into school governance. Indeed, if the "opt-out" remedy we seek had been pursued in the desegregation context instead of busing, our nation's racial and educational landscapes likely would look quite better today.

Allen's concerns about regulation of private schools in a voucher system are valid but misplaced. Voucher proposals such as the California initiative contain explicit restrictions against regulation—indeed, far greater protection than private schools currently enjoy.

Before co-founding the Institute for Justice, I defended the constitutionality of the Milwaukee school choice program and represented private schools in a challenge to regulation imposed by the state. Again contrary to Allen's assertion, the court *struck down* virtually all the regulations, reasoning correctly that the program was designed to preserve the private character of the participating schools.

School choice would effectuate the greatest transfer of power from government to individuals since the abolition of slavery. Unfortunately, discussion about the underlying principles often is sidetracked by factual distortions to which choice opponents always seem to resort.

—Clint Bolick
Vice President and Litigation Director
Institute for Justice
Washington, D.C.

Charlotte Allen replies:

Mr. Bolick accuses me of error, whereas he merely disagrees with me. On November 3, California's voters had a chance to decide whether they thought the state's public schools were indeed the "cesspools" of Mr. Bolick's characterization. They declined to go along. Does Mr. Bolick now want the federal courts to cram vouchers down Californians' throats? That's called judicial tyranny in my book.

It is true enough—as I pointed out in my article—that Proposition 174 would have set up procedural hurdles (although not insuperable ones) to regulating private schools. Such hurdles do not exist under current California law. However, the impulse to regulate that would have inevitably accompanied a flow of state funds into the private educational sector does not exist either right now. So I would have to call Proposition 174's failure a draw on the regulatory issue.

As for the Milwaukee school-choice system, the court did indeed strike down certain efforts by state education regulators to micromanage participating private schools but left the student-rights rules virtually intact (as I pointed out), including the one I quoted. The rest of Mr. Bolick's letter is pure rhetoric.

Reagan and Abortion

Letter writer John Romano is wrong in his interpretation of Ronald Reagan's position on abortion (Correspondence, *TAS*, November 1993). It is true that while governor of California Reagan signed a liberalized abortion law, but that was because some nefarious individuals took advantage of his well-known compassion. These people stated that women were *committing suicide* because of traumatic pregnancies, and that abortion was essential to prevent the loss of lives—both born and unborn. Naturally, Reagan was appalled and agreed that abortion should be made available to women who could prove that they were suicidal because of a crisis pregnancy. Later, he admitted that he had been "had" by these folks when, as he himself put it, every woman in California who wanted an abortion suddenly appeared with a note from her psychologist.

Mr. Romano is wrong again if he believes that abortion is a political and not a moral issue. For one thing, the murder of innocent human beings—especially when it is sanctioned, promoted, and even paid for by the state—is first and foremost a moral issue. But even if he were correct and the issue were purely one of politics, both Reagan and Bush would have been better off "pro-choice" or, at the very least, "personally opposed" *à la* Mario Cuomo. In fact, no less a personage than Nancy Reagan tried to woo her husband away from his forthright pro-life stand by arguing—in a politically correct and sensible manner—that pro-life voters "had nowhere else to go" and so the President could back off on the issue to his political benefit. However, Reagan would have none of it—not even from Nancy—and maintained his position in spite and not because of political expediency.

For his courage in opposing the abortion juggernaut, Reagan deserves sincere admiration. After all, politician Abraham Lincoln openly opposed slavery and no longer tried to compromise on the issue only after it became clear that a majority of Americans, their government, and their cultural institutions wanted slavery ended for good and all. On the other hand, Reagan stood tall for the unborn at a time when—supposedly—the majority of Americans, their government, and their cultural institutions *favored* abortion. In fact, Ronald Reagan was the first and strongest pro-life president in the abortion-on-demand era and we sorely miss him for that and, of course, other reasons.

—Valerie H. Protopapas
Huntington Station, New York

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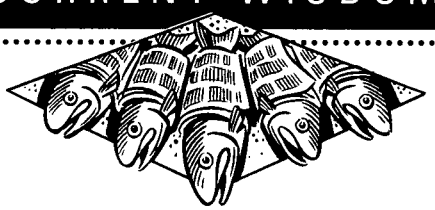

Wall Street Journal

Albert R. Hunt, preeminent mouthpiece of the Democratic Party, makes another bitchy point:

Nafta would be dead on arrival if George Bush were president; imagine sending Dan Quayle to take on Ross Perot Tuesday night.

[November 11, 1993]

Today

During an epochal interview on a recent Supreme Court decision on sexual harassment, the Bertrand Russell of modern progressive thought displays her wizardry at ratiocination and oratory to an awe-struck Katie Couric:

COURIC: Some viewers this morning, Professor Hill, may wonder if you're an appropriate spokesperson because this recent book, *The Real Anita Hill* by William [sic] Brock, they believe, shot some holes in your story. Do you have any reaction to that? You were very quiet when this book came out and did not come forward to refute any of the charges made.

PROF. HILL: Do I have any reaction to . . .

COURIC: To Mr. Brock's book and some of the claims he made.

PROF. HILL: Well, I can just say that those claims are untrue. I'm not going to try to refute, point by point, the book on this morning show because I think what is really important here is that we talk about this issue. And that's what I have been maintaining all along.

I think one of the things that is indicative, though, is that whenever we try to make gains on this issue it always seems that we're pulled back away from the issue by trying to focus on things that are not true and that have no merit. And what I would like for us to do this morning is to focus on Harris and how to move forward with this issue and those individuals who do have claims out there.

COURIC: All right. Professor Anita Hill, thank you very much for joining us this morning.

PROF. HILL: Thank you, Katie.

[November 10, 1993]

The Nation

The terror that was recently visited upon one of the most moronic of United States senators, as reported in the *Mad* magazine of the American left:

When Jesse Helms serenaded Carol Moseley-Braun with a few bars of "Dixie" in a Senate elevator this summer, his racial taunt was as clear and deliberate as a burning cross.

[November 22, 1993]

San Bernardino Sun

A scientific elucidation of the greatest threat to female virtue ever to face the Republic, to wit, nocturnal dreams of Our President:

Even when the Bill Dreams aren't romantic, many have an intimate flavor.

And few are presidential—Clinton usually drops into dreamland wearing his cap and jogging suit or a faded pair of jeans.

In one woman's dream, Clinton is her dentist ("but he isn't taking any new patients"); for another dreamer, the president is a stand-up comic who is bombing ("I wish I could give him funnier material").

Psychologists who specialize in dream analysis say the Bill dreams should come as no surprise.

"Clinton is very charismatic and he isn't afraid of a real woman," says Robert Van de Castle, a University of Virginia psychology professor and dream expert.

"He has struck a deep emotional chord. President Bush didn't stir up the same kind of passions. You wouldn't want to steal away with him to a hotel for a weekend."

Clinton's sex appeal was recently confirmed in a survey of 18- to 30-year-olds conducted by New York City psychologist Carin Rubenstein.

One of every four of the women polled was as likely to fantasize about Clinton as about TV heartthrob Luke Perry.

No president since John F. Kennedy . . .

[November 4, 1993]

The Great Books Series

Miss Linda Keen chronicles the difficulties a shy, highly intellectual, modern feminist has in approaching the ghost of John Lennon. What kept her off the Clinton cabinet?

Wandering in the imposing Swiss Alps that same morning, my heart and imagination allowed me to feel closer to the spirit of Carl Jung than ever before. Realizing how the mountain peaks were all connected to the same earth, I started thinking about the collective unconscious, that information which is common to all—the foundation of what the ancients called "the sympathy of all things." One curious element about the collective unconscious is that it can be tapped and communicated with. Was my dream tapping into John Lennon's reality? . . .

Back home in the Netherlands I continued to teach intuitive development at my school. During the next six months I kept setting aside any ideas about the possibility of communicating with the specter of Mr. Lennon and settled for the comfortable habit of communing with my familiar, old, intangible guardian, Basil. He had not only helped me write my first book, but had continued to assist me in many aspects of my professional and private life. I felt totally safe with him and didn't have to think about meddling around in the affairs of a world-famous deceased Beatle.

I did feel compelled, however, to nose around regularly in record stores and bookstores, trying to discover more about what John Lennon had actually been like. . .

No matter what my rational convictions may have been, John was a friend and presence, was growing steadily more genuine. I could swear he was taking a strong interest in my daily life activities. . . .

In March of 1987, I reached a decision. Having grown steadily more curious, and somewhat less appreciative, I knew the time was ripe to meet directly with John Lennon's elusive essence.

[from John Lennon in Heaven, *by Linda Keen. Pan Publishing, 291 pages, $16.95]*

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The Guardian

A much needed correction to the mischief wrought by an industrial saboteur in the typesetting department of a great British daily of the left:

Owing to an editing error, Hugo Young's column yesterday described Michael Portillo as "a conman of a different order of seriousness and coherence from any of his rivals." What Hugo Young wrote was that Portillo is "in command of a different order of seriousness." We apologise to both.

[November 10, 1993]

Image Magazine

(San Francisco Examiner)

The intellectual Wallace Shawn, actor, playwright, and pseud, expatiates compassionately on those large-souled progressives who provided such fine housing, especially in the Gulag Archipelago:

I feel an incredible sympathy for the maligned communist bureaucrats who tried to provide housing to all the people. But they made certain mistakes by not being aware of certain aspects of the human soul. I mean, to build unbelievably ugly housing with no corners of beauty in it was misguided because people felt depressed in those buildings. The next round of leftists has to be aware of every aspect of the human soul, including the desire to read *People* and enjoy it and why we enjoy it and what need it fulfills.

[September 5, 1993]

Boston Globe

A curious view of justice from columnist Randolph Ryan, another conventional liberal entoiled in a Crusade for Democracy:

But what about the CIA allegations? Is Aristide emotional? Yes. Has he been depressed? Possibly. Has he been prescribed an anti-depressant? Who knows? Who cares?

The CIA says Aristide is a rabble-rouser? Yes, at heated moments he has told followers to give as good as they get. During the coup in which the generals overthrew and almost killed Aristide a couple of years ago, a Macoute chief died in a jail cell, shot by a guard. Did he die, as the CIA claims, by Aristide's order?

I guess it's possible. But it still proves nothing to me about Aristide's fitness to be president. It proves that sometimes Macoutes die as Macoutes live. That can't be called lawful, but is it unjust?

[October 30, 1993]

Washington Post

An explanation for that odd smile on George McGovern's lumpy face:

Nearly 30 million Americans thought enough of my principles to go to the polls and vote for me over the incumbent president, Richard Nixon, in 1972. And I know that a year later, public opinion polls demonstrated that I would win if the election were held again. It is my hunch that, even as recently as 1992, if I had made an all-out effort, I could have won the presidency. I'd have gotten many more votes from conservatives, Republicans, as well as Democrats.

[October 26, 1993]

Wall Street Journal

In the Age of Clinton, a *WSJ* reporter diagnoses a catastrophic mistake made by a Republican who apparently believed she was Ronald Reagan and it was tax-cutting debauchery time:

In New Jersey, the poll numbers are close enough to suggest Mrs. Whitman, a wealthy former president of the state utilities board, still has an outside chance to squeak through to victory. But this race shouldn't have even been close. Mrs. Whitman has always had a better shot at victory than Mr. Allen in Virginia, but she made some major campaign errors, chief among them a proposed 30% cut in the state's income taxes.

[November 1, 1993]

Newsletter

(Elisabeth Irwin High School)

Alumni news from a Greenwich Village high school for some reason affectionately known as the Little Red School House:

1957

Kathy Boudin recently published an article in the Spring 1993 Harvard Review called "Participatory Literacy Education behind Bars: AIDS Opens the Door." In the article, she relates how, in her role as prison educator, she has used the subject of AIDS to incorporate critical literacy teaching practices into the prison's skills-based curriculum. Kathy has also been involved in developing peer-counseling group programs.

1960

Robert Meeropol has created a foundation to benefit children whose parents have been harassed, injured, lost jobs, or have died in the course of progressive activities. He and Michael '60 are the two sons of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg. Since its inception last year, the foundation has awarded nearly $50,000 to several dozen children. Michael, Robert and the Rosenberg Foundation were recently featured in the New York Times.

1963

In our last newsletter, **Peter Orris** was quoted praising the "well written" EI 50th Anniversary Book. His letter also included the following: "I do not understand what 'balance' you thought you were achieving with the inclusion of the 'opinions' of Elliott Abrams.

"Most faculty and students in the school that I attended would have been embarrassed if it were revealed that the 'Albert Spear' [sic] of our age and country had spent his high school years on Charlton Street. I do not object to Mr. Abrams expressing his opinions in whatever forum. I would have hoped that it was unthinkable for EI's 50th Anniversary Album to be sullied by three paragraphs by this architect of the Reagan Administration's bloody anti-democratic campaign in Latin America.

"I guess the faculty can feel proud that they had as few spectacular failures as Elliott Abrams. This failure, of course, reveals again that learning is not merely accomplished by having excellent teachers, one must provide an open mind as well.

"This letter is meant less as a comment on Elliott Abrams than it is on the Editorial Board's decision to include this material within an otherwise excellent booklet. I am still embarrassed by this graduate's inability to learn any of the important lessons taught at EI. Why aren't you?"

[Fall 1993]

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—Rex Vardeman
Circulation Manager

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A Man of the Right

by Michael Ledeen

Like all great artists, Federico Fellini had an ambivalent attitude toward his society, and in return he incurred his fair share of its misunderstanding and wrath. Today he is hailed as one of the great artists of postwar Italy, and everyone who is anyone in contemporary Italy came to pay him homage, but it was rarely thus during his lifetime. His remains lay in state at Cinecittà's Studio 5, the set he used for all his great movies, but the living Fellini had been exiled from Cinecittà, and his last movie, *La Voce della Luna*, was made elsewhere. The Vatican, attentive as always to the final roundup of souls, today hails his religious spirit, but *La Dolce Vita* was excoriated by the Church. Radical-chic intellectuals proclaim the death of Italian cinema, but the Italian left never hesitated to call him a fascist. Fellini was a man of the right, and loathed the pseudo-revolutionary theater and movies that passed for high culture until the very recent past. Even the president of the Italian Republic came to pay homage to the fallen genius, but for the last three years of his life, Federico Fellini could not find official support for his projects. His last creations were bank commercials for Italian television.

For those of us fortunate enough to have lived in Italy during his prime, Fellini was uniquely important, for he presented the full drama of the country, from its carnivalesque public spectacle to its heart-rending private misery, and he painstakingly extracted the archetypal personalities from the confusion of daily life. Although its political incarnation was only achieved little more than a century ago, the Italian spirit has been formed over more than two millennia, and Fellini knew that one had to go back to ancient Rome to understand the moderns. Thus, years after giving us *La Dolce Vita*, he insisted on re-creating the world of the *Satyricon*, a realm of such moral confusion that even hermaphrodites appeared on screen. And in *Roma*, a movie rarely seen outside Italy, he took us on an underground ride in the subway—at the time only partially finished—in which twentieth-century engineers were constantly frustrated by their encounters with ancient ruins along their construction route.

To most Americans, Fellini's movies created a world so fantastic that it could only be explained in psychological or mythological terms, but much of it, and many of the characters, were real. I remember studying the Renaissance tapestries in the Palazzo Medici Borghese in Florence, and wondering how it was that the artists had made the Tuscan hills with sharp points instead of rounded crests, but once there I saw that the tapestry was accurate. In like manner, the seemingly bizarre scenes of *La Dolce Vita* were often accurate portrayals of Roman life, and the worlds of *8 1/2* and *Guiliette of the Spirits* were impeccable portraits of the Italian psyche of Fellini's generation. When asked for the "meaning" of *Guiliette*, he dryly responded: "I've made a color movie—don't you find it attractive?"

The two great masterpieces of his mature period were both political: *Amarcord* and *Prova d'Orchestra*. The first is an autobiographical movie about fascism, showing the great variety of life under Mussolini's dictatorship. Fellini made *Amarcord* (dialect for "I remember") at a time when the Marxist stereotype of fascism was coming under discussion, and the movie was the first in postwar Italy to suggest that fascism was variegated, with true believers, cynical opportunists, camp followers, and secret enemies at the top, and a whole spectrum of life underneath. *Prova d'Orchestra* (orchestra rehearsal) is a different matter altogether. Produced for Italian television, it is a blood-chilling commentary on the consequences of the "revolutionary" ideologies of the late seventies. The film tells the story of an orchestra that revolts against the severe discipline of its conductor, and by mid-film the players have driven him away. But they then degenerate into civil war, destroying instruments, music, even each other, and end by calling back the *maestro*, who now taps his baton on the music stand and counts out the tempo . . . in German.

In each case, Fellini was going in the teeth of the political correctness of the day, and the elegance and power of his presentations quite predictably intensified the hatred of him in the corridors of cultural power. In the end, unable to find official funding for his movies and shunned by the dominant culture, he remained a lone voice who nonetheless more than any other cinematic figure of his generation, defined the era, and gave it some of its most memorable moments. Like other "outsiders," Fellini found it easier to sense what was really going on in his society, and his cinematic genius made it possible for him to translate his understanding into some of the most powerful images in the history of art.

Concerned that his enemies might somehow assimilate him into their own misguided views of the world, he left us with a long filmed "interview" in which he mourns the departure of those spectators capable of watching and understanding real movies. For in movies, as in literature and essays, the hard work of searching for the truth requires readers and viewers who will stay with the author long enough to comprehend. Fellini was nauseated by the thought of television viewers, watching a tiny screen, with an electronic box in their hands, ready to switch channels at the first hint of boredom. Such people cannot understand because they will not stay around long enough to see the whole picture. Yet this is the contemporary audience, and it is unlikely that a marketplace dominated by them will permit the emergence of such a grand master as Federico Fellini anytime soon. ❐

Michael Ledeen is a resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute.

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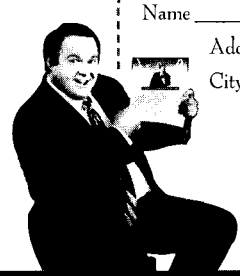

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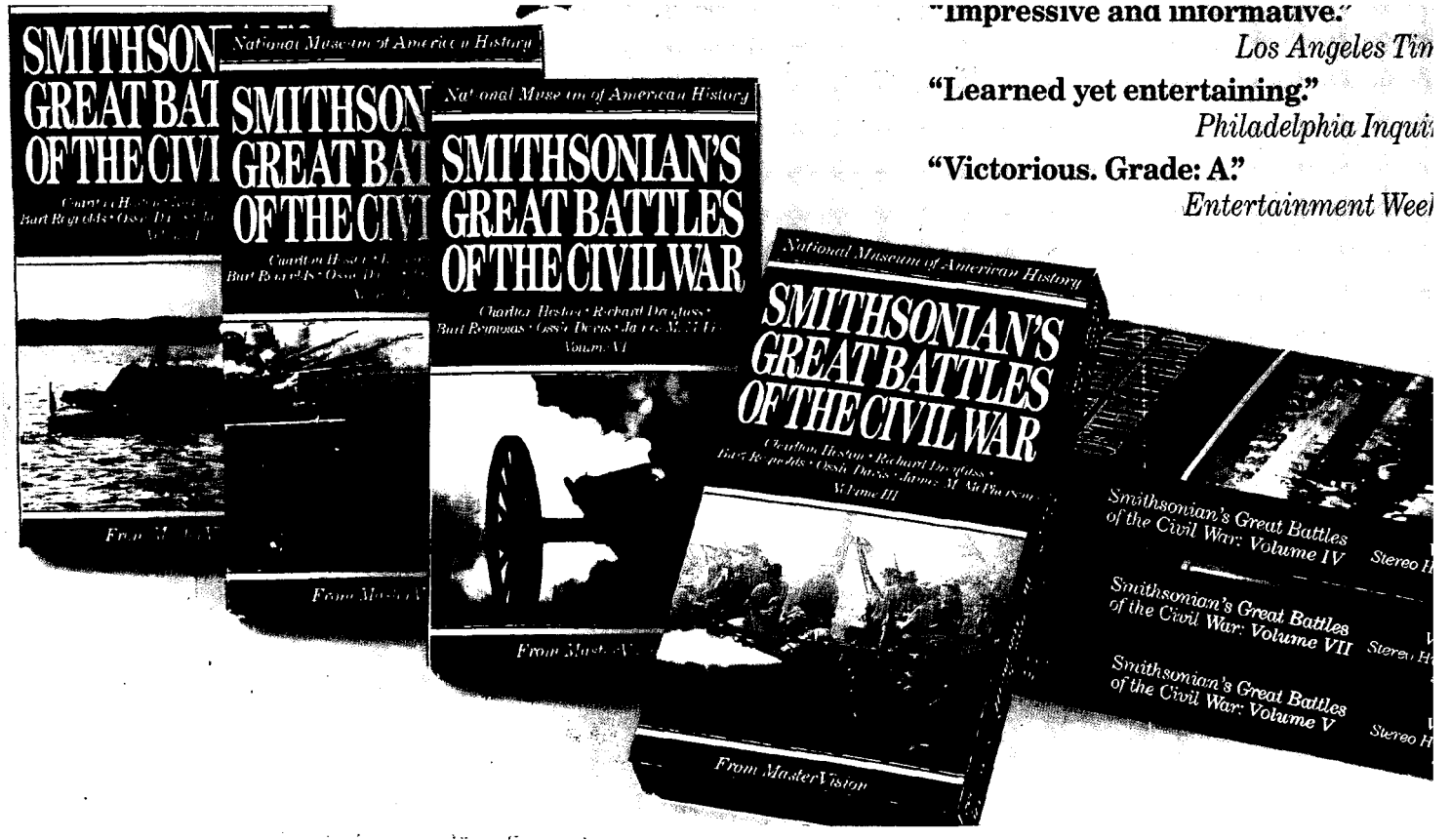
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